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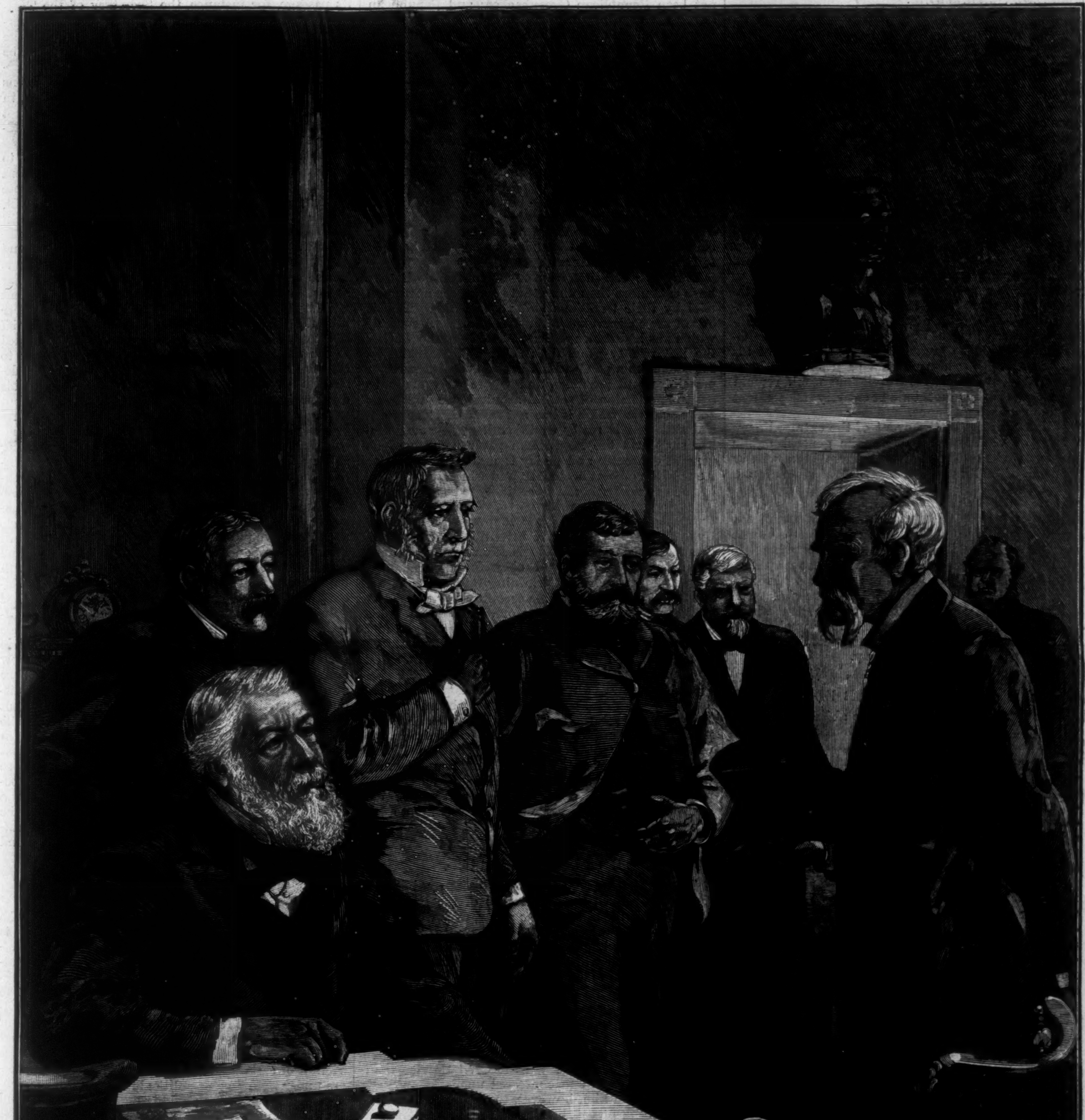


McVeagh. Blaine. Kirkwood. Lincoln. James. Hunt. Dr. Agnew. Windom.

AN ANXIOUS NIGHT IN THE CABINET ROOM.—Drawn by W. A. Rogers.—[See Page 615.]

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

New York, Saturday, September 10, 1881.

HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE.

An Illustrated Weekly—16 Pages.

No. 97 *of* Harper's Young People *opens with Chapter VI. of* Mr. Otis's *serial story, "Tim and Tip," with a front-page illustration by* Rogers. *The number also contains short stories by* W. O. Stoddard, Agnes Carr, *and Jimmy Brown; an Embroidery Article for girls by* Susan Hayes Ward; *the concluding chapter of "Penelope,"* Mrs. Lillie's *interesting serial for girls, illustrated by* Abbey; *besides many other interesting and useful articles, stories, puzzles, letters, etc.*

THE PRESIDENT.

THE eagerness with which every sign of improvement in the President's condition is received by the country shows the depth of the national anxiety and affection. Nothing could be more impressive than the long struggle in which the heroic man lies facing death with serene and superior courage. The Sunday upon which it was supposed that he would die was marked by a remarkable condition of the public mind. There was but one feeling—a universal sense of impending bereavement, mingled with the deepest sympathy for the brave woman who is so worthy a wife of such a man. Yet with this there was the tranquil assurance that a death so profoundly and tenderly lamented would produce no unnatural excitement was equally universal.

It has been constantly said and repeated—and nothing could be more true—that the President would return to life and to his duties with the absolute confidence and affection of the whole country. His opportunity would be greater than that of any of his predecessors. For him at least parties would have disappeared, and while his convictions would remain unchanged, his conduct could be entirely independent of mere partisan guidance.

Whatever may be the event of the extraordinary contest of vitality with death, the general public judgment of the President will have been wholly changed. The firmness and strength of his character would hardly have been known except for this revelation, and the knowledge of it, should he recover, would pledge him all the more closely to the course which is known to be his instinctive choice—a course in which he would have the heartiest popular support. So much is it to be hoped that he may live, and so fluctuating have been the prospects of recovery, that until he is once more well there can not be the same kind of confidence of a favorable issue which has been sometimes felt during the long weeks since the 2d of July. Until he is plainly well the country can only watch and wait and pray.

THE LETTER OF SENATOR EDMUNDS.

Senator Edmunds is one of the ablest, most experienced, and most honored of Republican leaders, and his views upon the duties and position of the party deserve and command careful attention. His letter declining to address the Massachusetts Convention because of ill health contains a presentation of the objects to which Republican action should be directed, and it is interesting to see that those objects are mainly matters of administrative detail, and not of political principle or policy. The details, however, spring naturally from the cardinal purpose of the party, which is, the security of equal rights. The reason for the existence and activity of the party is therefore, in the Senator's judgment, permanent, because the safety of equal rights is always menaced, and some of the measures to which it should now address itself he briefly mentions. They are these: to improve the laws for the security of national civil rights; to provide for the purity and fairness of Congressional elections; to establish by law the method of ascertaining the result of Presidential elections, and to prevent the exercise by Congress of any appellate or revisory power over the returns; to remove the evils of place-hunting; to relieve the tenure of many offices from dependence upon personal favor or political opinion, and to prevent interchange of favors in places between the executive and legislative branches of the government; to re-adjust the revenue laws with a view to equality of burden and to incidental protection; to secure a fixed and uniform metallic standard of values; and to increase and diffuse education everywhere, so far as the national government can lawfully do it.

There is but one point in these propositions to which exception might be taken by the opposition upon grounds of principle, and that is, incidental protection. The opposition would declare itself in favor of the defense of all just national rights of the citizen, of honest elections, of a clear determination by the States of the result of the Presidential election, of wise reform in the civil service, of a sound currency, and of all just legal protection of education. Probably no intelligent Democrat would assert that he opposed anything in Senator Edmunds's programme but protection of any kind. But in saying this such a Democrat would make a serious admission. There is nothing in Mr. Edmunds's propositions which is not the legitimate growth of the principles and policy of the Republican party. There is nothing in them which has not encountered at times strong Democratic opposition in practice if not in theory. It is Democrats who have opposed national civil rights, who have systematized fraud at elections, who have held that Congress should be a national returning board, who have fostered the spoils system which they practically introduced in national administration, who have favored financial heresy, and who have been strongly indifferent to national encouragement and aid to education. We do not say that there have not been Republican Greenbackers, and Republican advocates of Congressional revision of returns of Presidential elections, and Republican defenders of the spoils system. But the whole Republican tendency has been to the equal protection of all citizens, to the security of honest elections, to financial honesty, to general education, and to State determination of the Presidential election, to provide for which Senator Edmunds himself has introduced an admirable bill. All that has been accomplished, also—and it is much—for the practical reformation of the evils of patronage has been done under Republican auspices. If, therefore, a Democrat should assent to the propositions of Senator Edmunds, he would virtually concede that Republican success is desirable. Certainly, if the objects mentioned are desirable, he would be bold who should say that they are more likely to be secured by the Democratic party.

The letter of Senator Edmunds confirms what we have said more than once, that parties are now upon trial by their traditions and probabilities. This is one of the conservative forces of politics. A country which has had the experience of this country during the last twenty years does not readily transfer its confidence to a party which has represented perilous principles and practices, and whose only claim to trust is profession of present acquiescence in policies and measures which it has not favored. The political situation is really traditional. The voter who has supported the Republican party because of its general character and policy is naturally unable to see that the objects he desires, and which grow out of the recent situation, are more likely to be attained by supporting the Democratic party. Republican duty, therefore, is indicated by the suggestions of Senator Edmunds. Let the party Convention in every State demand of Congress such legislation as he mentions. Then if Congress should obey the demand, and promptly provide for determining the results of the Presidential election, for the certain Presidential succession, for the ascertaining of constitutional "disability," for the abolition of personal patronage, and for honest national elections, no Republican would have any reason to waver in his party allegiance, and no Democrat who desires such measures could suppose that they would be more probably adopted and enforced by Democratic agency. The "burning question" among all those mentioned by Senator Edmunds is the improvement of the civil service, to which, as the party of equal rights, the Republicans are especially pledged, because the reformed method would overthrow the present oligarchical system of personal favor, which excludes the great body of citizens, and open the service to the competition, upon equal terms, of every qualified person.

THE PENDLETON BILL.

The *American* objects to the Pendleton bill that it intrusts reform to the pleasure of the President, who, even if the bill becomes a law, may wholly disregard it without being called to account. The Pendleton bill undoubtedly assumes that the power to appoint, by and with the advice and consent of the Senate, is given to the President by the Constitution, and it also assumes that when public opinion expresses itself by the passage of such a bill, the President will not disregard it. The President has always had ample power to reform the spoils system.

Section 1753 of the Revised Statutes, under which President Grant appointed the Civil Service Commission ten years ago, conferred upon him no new power. It led him, however, to exert powers which he already possessed, because the action of Congress in passing the law was *pro tanto* evidence of a public opinion which desired such exertion. In obedience to the same principle, when Congress refused the appropriation, President Grant abandoned the effort. President Hayes, by the sheer force of the Executive will, initiated and sustained reform in the New York Custom-house. But the friends of the reform and of the Pendleton bill do not expect to carry an administrative reform of this character and importance against public opinion, but by the force of public opinion. They have no doubt that when public opinion has declared itself so strongly as to make the Pendleton bill law, the President will gladly conform. They have always contended that this is a people's reform, and that its impulse comes now, and will come more strongly until it is effected, from the people.

The *American* says that if the bill should be passed and Mr. Arthur should become President, he would undoubtedly disregard the law. This is a guess which may or may not be sound. Our own opinion is that when the country shall have declared its desire so strongly as it will have done when the Pendleton bill or some similar provision becomes law, no President will disregard it. The passage of such a bill will in itself be the proof that the pressure of public opinion is strong enough to compel members of Congress to take the first step toward the renunciation of patronage. Moreover, the bill, when it becomes law, acts directly upon the heads of departments in which Congress has vested the appointment of certain inferior officers. Within sixty days after its passage, for instance, the Secretary of the Treasury must, under certain conditions, classify the persons employed in the customs service, and after the expiration of four months no person can enter or be promoted in any such classes, or in any similar classes now existing, except according to the provisions of the bill. The limitation of this classification, in the beginning, is to custom-houses employing not less than fifty persons. Afterward it may be extended by the request of the President.

The Pendleton bill certainly does not propose to touch any constitutional prerogative of the President or of the Senate, nor do the friends of reform propose to change the Constitution by statute. But the bill, should it become a law, will do two things: it will declare unmistakably an overwhelming public opinion that the spoils system should be overthrown, and it will provide the means of overthrowing it. It is idle to suppose, when the movement has gone so far as to affect the action of Congress, that the President will doggedly withstand it. The President has never been the chief sinner, although he has been the chief agent of the abuse. Even President Jackson yielded to the pressure of his party advisers rather than to his own wishes. President Harrison earnestly desired to stay the flood, but he was borne away by his own party chiefs. President Grant, doubtfully but with good intentions, experimented with the pressure before yielding. President Hayes, more independent than any of his immediate predecessors, clung stoutly to a few points, and was savagely and contemptuously derided by his party. President Garfield frankly declared permanent and effective reform to be impossible without the consent of Congress. When, therefore, Congress obeys and reflects an imperative public opinion in the passage of a bill like that introduced by Mr. Pendleton, it will find the President willing and anxious to co-operate with it. To disregard it would be fatal to him. Undoubtedly, in the present Congress, elected before public opinion was so general and so strong as it has recently become, there will be strenuous efforts to cripple the bill by changes to make it ineffective. But there is so powerful and influential a part of the press now actively interested in reform that these efforts will be at once exposed. The knowledge and ability to discuss this particular question are quite as great without the doors of Congress as within. And meanwhile three things are clear: first, the strong determination that the spoils system shall be abolished; second, that no practicable or consistent method but that of free and open competition has been proposed for its abolition; and third, that the Pendleton bill provides a simple and feasible application of that method, the effectiveness of which has been conclusively and satisfactorily tested in the New York Custom-house and Post-office.

DYNAMITE POLITICS.

Mr. D. D. Field has introduced are solution in the International Law Conference at Cologne that it is desirable in an extradition treaty where political offenses are excepted that neither assassination nor attempted assassination as a means of obtaining a redress of grievances shall be deemed a political crime within the meaning of the treaty, and that the privilege of asylum be denied the perpetrator of any such crime. This is the universal desire of honorable and intelligent Americans. They will gladly shelter the victims of tyranny, but they will not harbor murderers under the name of political refugees. The negotiation of a treaty with a despotic government would be, indeed, very difficult and delicate, because it must make sure that the charge of crime shall not be a mask for legitimate political offense, and that the laws of the country to which the person is to be sent provide an honest trial. To put an extreme case, we could not agree to return to the King of Dahomey any of his subjects who may have escaped to our shores, and for the reason that we could not trust him to deal honestly with them. The same difficulty exists to a certain degree with every absolute government. Even in the extradition of ordinary and undoubted delinquents we have always insisted upon guarantees that they should be tried only for the offenses specifically mentioned in the papers of extradition. We may all agree to Mr. Field's proposal, without allowing that we ought to have surrendered

Charlotte Corday, had she escaped to America, to be tried by the Revolutionary Tribunal for the murder of Marat.

But it should be well understood that American Republicanism loathes and repudiates political assassination. Its cardinal principle is liberty under law. But political assassination is anarchy. It makes sure of nothing whatever but the violent death of the innocent and the guilty together. Its purpose is terror, but terror is mere social paralysis. Moreover, its theory can not be limited to the cases of rulers. It is a doctrine which makes every man the final judge of the offenses of his neighbor, of the practicability or probability of other redress, and of the kind and degree of punishment. It puts every man's life at the whim of any other man, and so intolerable a proposition is rejected by the instinct of civilization. Marat was only a huge political assassin. His proposition to hang the eight hundred Deputies, Mirabeau at the head, on eight hundred trees of the garden of the Tuileries, and his demand of 270,000 heads, were defended by the plea of the political assassin: "I am willing to shed a few drops of guilty blood to save millions of the innocent." The French terror, which he more than any individual instigated, the September massacres, the guillotine, were all assassination, and if they had not been suppressed, and had gone beyond the Rhine, Europe would have relapsed into savage barbarism. The French terror is none the less a blot upon the history of humanity because it was the legitimate result of the Bourbon tyranny.

Assassination has been always a political method in Oriental and despotic countries, but it has brought them no nearer to liberty. The modern methods, however, are not so much assassination as massacre. The Czar of Russia may be a tyrant, but the man who blows down his palace with dynamite, and buries hundreds of innocent persons in the ruins, is no less a criminal. The English may have oppressed Ireland, but those who send infernal machines to scatter horrible death among Englishmen are as pitilessly cruel as Marat and the King of Dahomey. If Hartmann had been a Frenchman who had stolen millions of francs from the Rothschilds to distribute among the starving poor, he would have been returned as a criminal under the treaty. If his railway explosion at Moscow had succeeded, and he had murdered scores of innocent passengers upon the chance of killing or terrorizing a tyrant, would he have been less a criminal, although without a treaty he could not have been lawfully returned? Let no man be touched in this country without warrant of law; but by all means let us have law to cover every form of crime.

THE PRESIDENT'S PHYSICIANS.

There are, and there must be, all kinds of comments upon the medical care of the President. It will be asserted that the case has been wrongly conceived and badly managed. There are those who will insist that if he had been a laborer shot in the street, he would have been carried upon a stretcher to the hospital, where the risk of death would have been taken to secure the chance of life by removal of the ball. There are those also who will maintain that every bad turn should have been foreseen and prevented. Indeed, the censure will amount to saying that if the President had been properly treated he would have recovered promptly.

Perhaps the best reply to this kind of remark is to remind those who make it that if any friend of theirs had been shot in Philadelphia, they would instantly and with perfect confidence have summoned Dr. Agnew, and if in New York, they would have been satisfied with Dr. Hamilton. Both these gentlemen have been in constant attendance upon the President. If it be said that they were not summoned at once, it is enough to reply that when they were summoned they expressed themselves satisfied with the previous management of the case, and that the highest foreign medical authorities have agreed with them. The fact is that the President has been attended by half a dozen eminent physicians and surgeons, who have been in entire accord upon the conduct of the case, whose professional accomplishment and skill are familiar, whose devotion has been absolutely untiring and unselfish, who could have had no wish for the patient, for the nation, and for themselves but that of speedy recovery, and who are honorably entitled to the gratitude of the country. No reader of these words would probably be able to name half a dozen professional men in whom upon the whole there would have been more confidence than in those who have had the President in charge. Personal preferences there may be, but that is not the question.

The case, indeed, has demonstrated once more what is constantly shown, that the healing art is largely groping and experimental. It proceeds upon observation and inference, and in any obscure or complicated case there are conditions which can not be anticipated. This has not been concealed in the President's case. It seemed for a long time to be mastered, and recovery was thought to be but a matter of time. Yet there was always the possibility of mischance frankly expressed. The ball was lodged in the body, and its exact situation was not known. The consequences of this condition might be serious. Everybody who has followed the daily reports carefully is aware that this grave possibility has been contemplated. Criticisms made at a distance, upon imperfect scientific statements or upon the general possibilities of gunshot wounds, were merely guesses, however good guessing they might prove to be. Even the critics themselves, had they been in actual attendance, might have reasoned differently. It can not be said, indeed, that the President could not have been more wisely treated. That can not be known. What is known is that he has had the most unremitting and tender care of most accomplished and trusted surgeons and specialists, whose sole object has been the wish of the whole country. Skill and knowledge and thoughtful care they have amply supplied. The result no human power could guarantee. Should the President die, it would be strictly true to say that everything possible to save a life so precious and a man so beloved had been done, and that censure or impatience is but a natural form of the deep and universal anxiety.

"THE FIRST GUN."

The defeat of Mr. Sessions in the contest for the Senatorial nomination in his district in this State will not be regretted by any one who knows that a legislator should be beyond suspicion, nor by any Republican who remembers that his party is justly judged by the representatives whom it selects. A man of the political morals of Mr. Sessions is always cited to the discredit both of his party and of the wing of the party to which he is attached. During the contest with the machine faction they have always pointed to Mr. Sessions, and have asked whether, if political morality were in question, there could be any choice between them. This is a kind of alternative to which no man ought to submit.

Mr. Allen, who has been nominated to succeed Mr. Sessions, has served in many public stations, and always with perfect honor and efficiency. If his nomination was due, as is alleged, to a trick of Mr. Sessions's friends, who really meant to defeat Mr. Allen, the poetic justice is agreeable, although the result can not be accepted as a deliberate judgment against Mr. Sessions. Yet the record of the Convention shows that there was not a majority willing to declare for him.

It will be fortunate for the Republican party if the nominations elsewhere are as significant as that of Mr. Allen. The appeal to the voters to attend the primary elections is usually thought to be hopeless. But if they would turn out in every district, and secure the nomination to the Convention and to the Legislature of Republicans who heartily support the Republican Administration, and who would strengthen and encourage it in every progressive impulse, they would assure Republican success beyond question.

GUITEAU.

There have been various suggestions of a purpose to take summary vengeance upon the President's assassin in case of the President's death, and some loose talk seems to have assumed that American citizens are a poor kind of Modocs. That mobs and riots are possible we know, but the people have made legal arrangements to deal with mobs summarily. Will those who have been disposed to wish that the assassin might be plucked with red-hot pincers, or torn asunder with wild horses, pause long enough to reflect that the crime of Guiteau was a barbarous and murderous offense, and that it should be punished by the law of civilized men, and not by the fury of barbarians?

A mob which should seize the assassin, and torture, or hang, or shoot him to death, would injure the good name of America very much more than the assassin himself can injure it. If the law made by the people, and which is adequate to every such emergency, can not be enforced calmly and surely, we are still savages. There is universal condemnation in this country of assassination as a method of practical politics. But the murder of criminals by a mob would be no less anarchical.

The quality of American institutions is to be proved, when a President dies by criminal violence, by the tranquil and orderly transmission of the government to his legal successor, and by the equally tranquil and orderly trial of the assassin, whether the result of the trial should be the asylum or the gallows. There is no manliness, nor patriotism, nor sympathy, nor sense, in the talk about summary vengeance. In a self-governing community, where law is supreme, there is no vengeance for criminals, because justice, however complete, is passionless. To foster the feeling which demands "vengeance" upon Guiteau is to encourage the spirit of assassination.

SECRETARY BLAINE'S BULLETINS.

During the President's illness nothing has been awaited with more interest or read with more confidence than the regular evening dispatch of Secretary Blaine to Mr. Lowell in London. Indeed, the close observers of the progress of events at the White House have relied upon that dispatch as the most accurate and instructive of the bulletins. It was known to be prepared carefully from the testimony of the physicians and surgeons, and it has been accepted as an announcement of the actual situation somewhat less technical and formal than the professional bulletin. There has been evidently no attempt at evasion of any kind, and if the situation was grave, it was plainly stated in the dispatch.

The responses of Secretary Blaine also to messages of sympathy from the Queen of England, the Pope, and official bodies have been simple, dignified, and in the best taste. Indeed, throughout the whole melancholy period there has been nothing in all the infinite detail of affairs at the President's house inconsistent with the same intelligent and modest propriety. Nothing has been more marked throughout than the sincerity of feeling. There has been nothing merely official or perfunctory. A shadow has lain across the threshold of every home in the land, as if a beloved inmate were mortally stricken, and nothing in our history is more beautiful than the chastened tenderness of the universal feeling. An event which affects every individual citizen so powerfully and beneficially can not be lost upon the country.

BY BREVET ONLY.

The Albany *Argus* says that it is an error that Mr. McElroy has succeeded to the editorship in chief of the Albany *Evening Journal*. But the correction leaves us nothing to change in our comments upon the supposed fact. It only offers the occasion of repeating and confirming the opinion we have expressed both of Mr. Dawson and of Mr. McElroy.

PERSONAL.

Justice Hunt, of the United States Supreme Court, is so completely an invalid that he will never be able to resume his seat upon the bench. Not having been there long enough to entitle him to be retired, he will not resign until Congress passes a special act to meet his case.

—Francis A. and Anthony J. Drexel have presented to the South Park Commission, of Chicago, a memorial fountain, surmounted by a statue of their father, the late Francis A. Drexel. The fountain consists of a basin twenty-two and a half feet in diameter. The centre of the basin forms a pedestal four feet high and nine feet square, on which rests the bronze structure; on this are beautiful bass-reliefs. The basin is eight feet six inches in diameter, and is very richly ornamented. Around its water-line are thirteen stars, with jets. The centre of this basin extends upward into a pedestal, also very richly ornamented, containing fifty-two jets, which discharge into the upper basin. The water from these runs through the jets of the stars into the grand basin. The whole bronze structure will be about thirty feet in height, the granite-work about five feet elevation. The cost of this magnificent gift is about $40,000.

—Mr. Herbert Gladstone's appointment as a Lord of the Treasury recalls the fact that forty-seven years ago his father held a similar appointment. The Prime Minister took that post in the administration of Sir Robert Peel.

—Dr. Bradley, the new Dean of Westminster, is indebted for the appointment to the strong personal friendship of Mr. Gladstone. He is not widely known as an author or preacher, but he is understood to have good executive ability, while as to Churchmanship he is conservative, like the Prime Minister, and altogether unlike the late Dean Stanley. Indeed, as to Churchmanship, the late Dean ignored the whole thing. Anybody who was anybody, and decent, was always welcome to the Dean, and if he had anything clever to say, could generally have a chance to say it in the Abbey.

—The venerable Artemas Hale, the oldest member of Congress now living, will in a few months enter upon his ninety-ninth year. He lives at Bridgewater, Massachusetts, and though slightly bent in figure, is sound in mind and body, active in habits, and promises to reach his centennial.

—The Ole Bull Memorial Fund Concert at Bergen, Norway, was a great success. Mrs. Bull (a Wisconsin woman) and family were present, and Miss Emma Thursby was the principal star of the occasion. The receipts were $10,000.

—Intelligence comes from Berlin that Mr. Kurd Von Schlözer, at present the Minister of Germany at Washington, is about to be transferred to Rome. Amicable relations have recently been restored between the Emperor and Pope, and the appointment of Dr. Korum as Bishop of Treves, and the approval thereof by the German government, are the results. The basis of a compromise of the difficulties that have long existed has been agreed upon, the details of which on the part of Germany are to be arranged by Mr. Von Schlözer, who was formerly attached to the German legation at the Vatican.

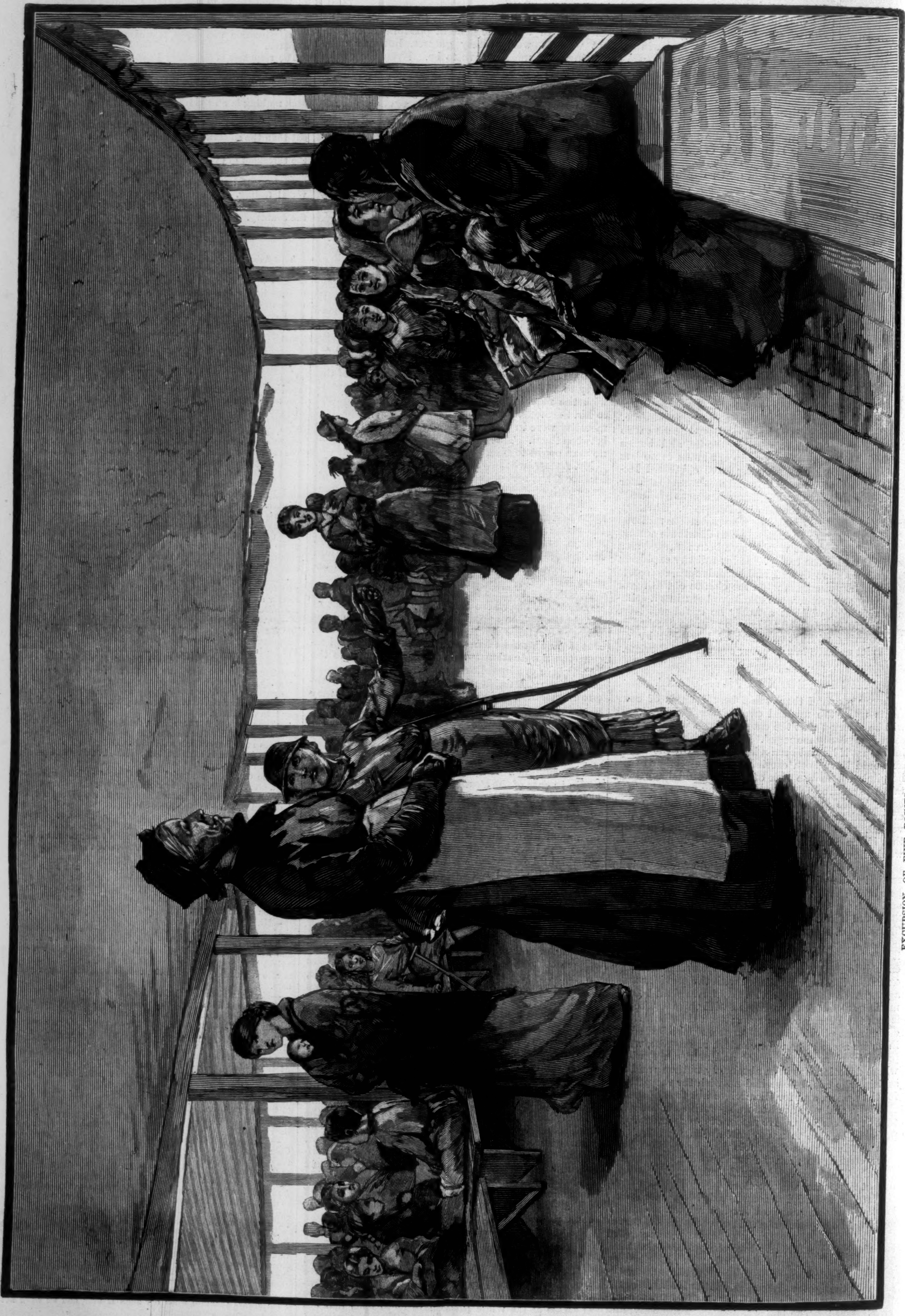
—Mr. Samuel Morley, M.P., who has just arrived in this city, is the head of one of the largest dry-goods houses in London, though retired from its active management. In politics he is a Liberal, and from his wealth and high commercial position has acquired weight in the House of Commons on commercial affairs. His son is also a member of the House, though comparatively a young man.

—Mr. Gladstone lacked that vigorous and effective support in both Houses of Parliament on the Land Bill which he had a right to expect. Both Mr. Forster, Chief Secretary for Ireland, and Mr. Bright, have failed to come up to the mark of their high calling. The *Pall Mall Gazette*, a thorough and very able Liberal journal, gives expression to the general complaint. Gladstone himself was never greater than he has been through the whole struggle. At the critical juncture on the bill in the House of Peers, Lord Granville was disabled by the gout, and had to be brought into the House in a chair.

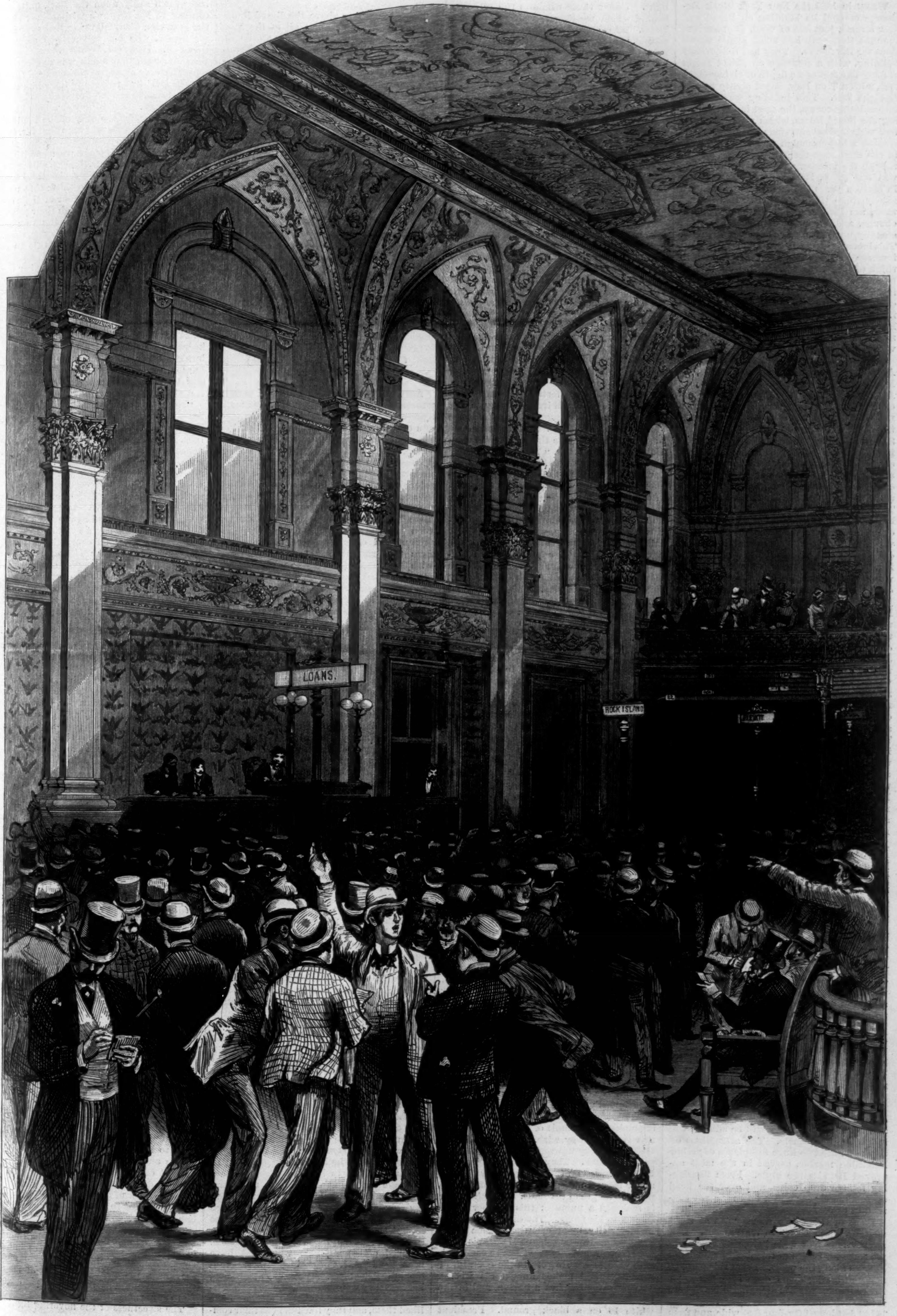
—Mr. Holloway, the famous London pill manufacturer, is said to have given over $3,750,000 for philanthropic purposes during the last six years. Indeed, he is one of the pill-ars of British benevolence.

—Mr. Bookwalter, the Democratic candidate for Governor of Ohio, is entirely a self-made man. One of his first adventures was the establishment of the *Mechanical News*, a semi-monthly journal, at Springfield, and it is in a very flourishing condition to-day. It has several competent men on its editorial staff, but Mr. Bookwalter directs its policy. He says, "It requires much more care to direct a journal of that character than a newspaper, for the reason that every subject must be treated with the utmost exactness, for it would not do to detect an error in a mechanical journal."

—Dean Stanley had an amusing way of depreciating himself. One day he said: "I have always thought that a dean should have three qualifications, none of which I possess. First, I think a dean should know something about music; I am absolutely ignorant of the subject. Secondly, I think a dean should know something about architecture; I know nothing about it. Thirdly, I think a dean should know something about the management of business; I am always thankful when our audit is over, and we have not come to some grievous mishap."



EXCURSION OF FIVE POINTS CHILDREN AND THEIR MOTHERS.—Drawn by J. W. Alexander.—[See Page 615.]


LOANS.
ROCK ISLAND

THE NEW YORK STOCK EXCHANGE.—Drawn by Graham and Thulstrup.—[See Page 614.]

NEW YORK STOCK EXCHANGE.

WHEN in 1865 the New York Stock Exchange erected its building on Broad and New streets, just out of Wall, the members thought that they had made ample provisions for the future. They had a five-story building, with a frontage on Broad Street of forty-five feet and a depth of eighty-eight feet, with a T on New Street eighty by sixty-eight feet. This building was divided into suitable rooms, the most important being the Board Room, which was fifty-three feet wide and seventy-four feet long. This seemed a large enough room. There were in the Exchange then 400 members, and although the price of a seat in the Exchange was but $3000, it was not expected that in sixteen years the membership would be nearly three times as great. But to-day there are 1100 members of the Stock Exchange, and the price of a seat has risen steadily, until $34,000 has been recently paid. This increase in membership, and consequent increase in resources, led the members to think of increasing their facilities for doing business. The old building was daily proving inadequate. Not only was it not large enough to accommodate the members, but it was not large enough to accommodate the hundreds of telephones, telegraph instruments, and "tickers" that have so multiplied within the last ten years.

It was decided to enlarge their quarters. A building committee, composed of DONALD MACKAY, President of the Stock Exchange, A. M. FERRIS, Vice-President of the Stock Exchange Building Company, HOWARD LAPSLEY, and FRANK STURGIS, took the matter in hand. The committee bought on Broad Street, adjoining the Stock Exchange Building, a lot twenty-four feet wide and eighty-six feet deep, and on New Street they bought a lot sixty-eight by seventy-two. This increased the frontage on Broad Street one-third, and doubled the New Street frontage. Then began the work of adding to the old building, and making of both new and old one symmetrical and convenient whole. It was a work requiring considerable more architectural skill than to build a new building. JAMES RENWICK was the architect to whom the work was given. An inspection of the building as it stands to-day shows just how successful he has been. The old Broad Street front was taken down, the interior changed in many particulars, and now the Exchange has a building that is apparently very complete. Work was begun in June, 1880. To-day the painters are putting the finishing touches on the walls and wood-work of the interior. The Broad Street front is sixty-nine feet in width, and from the sidewalk to the top of the cornice of the fifth story the distance is 101 feet, and to the top of the French roof 120 feet. The front is of marble, elaborately carved in the French Renaissance style. The portico of the first story has eight polished and carved red granite columns flanking the three windows and two doors. The key-stones to the windows and doors are richly carved, with the heads of Fortuna and Plutus in bass-relief, surrounded by foliage, flowers, and fruits. The portico projects four feet from the front, and bears in large letters the words "New York Stock Exchange," cut in the frieze. The central pediment has a very richly carved tympanum. The four stories above the first have each five windows, and in the central tympanum of the fifth story is a carved shield, with the monogram of the Exchange cut upon it. The work on the building has now cost $275,000, and will reach nearer $300,000 when everything is completed.

Entering by the right-hand door, one passes into the Long Room—a department devoted to telegraph desks, messengers' desks, and seats for subscribers. There has been no change made in the Long Room, which is forty feet wide by sixty-nine feet long. Parallel with this, and entered both from the street by the left-hand door and from the Long Room, is a large apartment, thirty-two feet wide and sixty-six feet long, elegantly finished in black walnut, elaborately frescoed, and which will be very carefully furnished, for it is to be the smoking and lounging room of the members of the board, and none but a member will be admitted to its pleasant precincts. The attractions of this room are two huge fire-places of yellow Echaillon marble, carved in the most approved Renaissance style. From flourishing foliage drop coins, and over the head of Fortuna a bear and a bull rampant contend in battle.

Back of these two rooms runs at right angles a long passage to Wall Street. It is twenty-four feet wide here, and gives ample room for scores of telephones that hang in rows along the walls. From this passage many swinging doors open into the great Board Room, the room of the building. There is not such another in this city certainly. It is 140 feet long, fifty-four feet wide, and from the floor to the lofty panel of the iron ceiling is fifty-five feet. Two tiers of windows open upon New Street, and give abundant light. Under these windows run railings, behind which messengers wait in business hours. At each end of the room is another railing, behind which subscribers can congregate, and communicate with the brokers upon the floor. On each side of the huge room rise ten great red granite pilasters, with marble bases and bronze capitals. These pillars are thirty-five feet high, and from the cornice over them the ceiling is groined for twenty feet, as far as the centre panel. The effect is good, for there is the appearance of strength and gracefulness combined. At each end of the room is a gallery, from which visitors can look down upon the conflicts between bulls and bears in the arena below. The President's desk is on the east side of the room. The board prefers to retain the old one, which is massive, and dark with age. The walls and ceiling are painted in the richest and most elaborate style of Renaissance decoration. Blue and gold are the predominating colors, but by no means the only colors; for in painting the arabesques of flowers and foliage, and the fabulous beasts of the Renaissance, all the colors of the rainbow are used, and some not in the ordinary every-day rainbow.

Having paid his $34,000 for a "seat" in the Exchange, the member finds that he has no seat. The floor of the Board Room is destitute of seats, save a few here and there around the walls. There is nothing to impede the course of the members in their struggle with fortune, save a row in the centre of six small iron posts seven feet in height, each bearing the name of some stock which is dealt in. For instance, one post bears on one side the name, "Western Union"; on the other, "Wabash Common." Then at different points on the walls are cards with the names of other stocks upon them. These are guides for the members. If one wishes to deal in Western Union, he sees on entering the room the card, and near he finds the men who are dealing. He hurries up to the group, which may be idly talking at that moment, and shouts the figure that he will give for 100 shares. Instantly there is a commotion. Half a dozen men yell at him the figure that they will take; others join in bids. They shake their fists at each other; they reach after each other's hands; they crowd and push, and yell and vociferate. Such a scene in such a group the artist has depicted in the illustration upon page 613. He gives the action well, but he can not reproduce the noise. But multiply this group by ten, fifteen, or twenty, and then imagine the noise that goes up among the blue and gold and fruits and flowers of that gorgeous ceiling on a "lively day in the street." Visitors lean over from the galleries and wonder at the tumult below. They can not catch a word that is said, nor can they see a reason for the tumult. They see two men who are gesticulating in a throng grasp each other's outstretched fingers, then suddenly subside, step back, mark upon a small pad, tuck the memoranda in their pockets, and then perhaps rush over to another group, and go through similar operations. That simply means that Mr. Bull has sold, say, 200 shares of Wabash Common to Mr. Bear for 48⅜, or whatever the price may be, and that each has made a memorandum of the transaction. At such a time the floor of that big room presents a remarkable sight. Crowded with struggling men, some with blanched faces as they see their fortunes slipping from them, a hoarse tumult of discordant cries goes up with a cloud of dust raised by the shuffling feet. The floor is white with bits of paper—torn memoranda or notes of reference or instruction. Messenger boys, gray-coated and white-capped, dart hither and thither through the throng. Anxious messengers and subscribers hang over the railings endeavoring to catch the eyes of struggling brokers. There is nothing elsewhere like the scene.

Formerly there was another element added to the confusion. A broker being wanted by a subscriber, a messenger walked through the room, calling his name in a tremendous voice. The effect was curious, this monotonous, steadily repeated cry arising amidst the tumult of the brokers. Now this is done away with. In front of each visitors' gallery are series of disks of iron, painted black. They are on hinges, and when they fall on their hinges they disclose under them numbers in white that may be read the length of the room. To each broker is assigned a number; this number corresponds to his name. The disks are worked by electricity, by an operator outside of the room. Say that President MACKAY's number is 10. A messenger wishes to communicate with him. He goes to the operator of the disks and makes known his wishes. The operator touches a button, and in the Board Room a falling disk reveals a big white 10 on a black ground. President MACKAY sees it, and knows that he is wanted at the railing. This simple arrangement will do away with much of the noise of the room.

There is nothing above the Board Room but the roof. It occupies all of the New Street frontage. The remaining stories of the building are in the Broad Street building proper. On the second floor is the Government Room, a fine large apartment, forty by seventy feet, hung with crimson cloth, amphitheatrical in arrangement, furnished with massive leather-cushioned chairs, where government bonds are sold. Besides this, there are the President's and Secretary's rooms. The three other stories are divided each into six committee rooms. The halls and rooms are finished in ash, frescoed finely, and well lighted. In the basement are safe-deposit vaults, rooms for messenger boys, and complete steam and ventilating apparatus.

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CHRISTOWELL.

A Dartmoor Tale.

BY R. D. BLACKMORE,

AUTHOR OF "MARY ANERLEY," "LORNA DOONE," "CRIPPS, THE CARRIER," ETC.

CHAPTER XXXI.—(*Continued.*)

THE SILVER KEY.

ACCORDINGLY, when this faithful person, punctual to her hour on Sunday, had made a pre-eminent dinner, and admired the view of a crowd in the Park (who might be taken thus far off for London trees walking off their woes), and then had refused more Frontignac—a wine that has gone the way of all fashion—because she was determined to consider slowly what Mr. Snacks had said about investment, when she happened to confess that she had put by, in spite of hard times, just a little bit of money; and when she had been persuaded, as a favor to everybody present and especially her host, to relent from that refusal, and touch flower-bells with Mr. Snacks (who was an exceedingly pleasant man), really such a desire to please those who had pleased her so much became established in her kind heart that Mrs. Giblets and Mrs. Snacks, and even Mary—although she was ordered to run away three times, and so lost three half-minutes before she ventured back again—one with another, putting things together, could enter into all the affairs of that interesting house almost as clearly as if they had the privilege of living there.

To put into a few words a story which cost many, the present Earl Delapole, although by nature of haughty and imperious vein, in his later years had fallen deeply under the influence of a man who had made his way upward from post to post. From the position of farm bailiff and rent-collector's deputy upon a small part of the Earl's estates he had risen to be the general agent, steward, manager, and master. There still were times when the rightful lord, who was of a very suspicious mind, would rebel, break out most violently, and order his enemy to quit his sight and his premises forever. At such times Mr. Gaston used to fling out of the house and bang the door; but the next day he was back again, having made himself indispensable: all that violence only tightened the noose, as with a well-set wire. Mrs. Tubbs could not say whether she considered him a rogue or not; perhaps, if he had not been so boisterous and so domineering, she would have thought him deficient in principle; but she had never known a rogue with a voice so loud and a face so red.

The Earl, who was now in his eightieth year, was falling more and more completely into the power of this tyrant. No one ever came to brighten his dullness or divert his mind toward any kind of charity, although he must have a mint of money, in land and houses and leather bags. Mr. Gaston would take good care of that. Only his doctor, Sir John Tickell, who always went about with a trumpet—which perhaps was make-believe, because he hated questions—and his lawyer, Mr. Latimer, though even he seemed to be shut out now, and his shaver (who could not be shut out), these were all that were let in now with any sort of grace about it. If any old gentleman who had carried on highly in the fine old times with his lordship desired to shake him by the hand once more, and to lighten it up for him to hold on, and to say things witty, as they used to be, there was no other message, when his card came in, but that his lordship was in great pain to-day. And so the very best of them dropped off—gentlemen who must have been the foremost of their day in carrying on high wickedness. Mrs. Tubbs liked them, because they were gentlemen, not such soft-mouths as you see now. But although she liked them, and they liked her (as their compliments on her appearance proved), she durst not authorize man or maid to show them up to his lordship's room. And this had grown sadly upon the Earl, quite according to Mr. Gaston's wishes, ever since the grandson died, following that poor lord his father, who had never been much to speak of. However, it was known among the older ones that there was another son somewhere, or at any rate there used to be; but the Earl had refused to have him mentioned, because of some trouble that he had been through. And although he might forgive him now, for the sake of the land and the title, Mrs. Tubbs was sure that Mr. Gaston would give him no chance of repentance.

"That is how things always goes with our great families," said Mr. Snacks, a liberal of the largest order, who liked the world to go up and down—"men who think that nothing less than a coach and four of their own driving is fit to come through their property. Their time is pretty well up on this earth. But the son, if there is one, should be looked up, to make a good title to the company."

Through the caution of the timber merchant, none of those present knew as yet that the missing son could be found on Dartmoor, though some of them began to suspect it.

"But if these troubles go on much longer, what am I to do?" asked the good housekeeper, who felt that she might have unburdened her mind so as to bring worse burden afterward. "I can throw up my situation of course, and goodness knows it is a gloomy one."

"No, ma'am, no," exclaimed Mr. Snacks; "you must not contemplate such a step. For the good of the family, you must not do that. You are so placed that an immensity depends upon your discretion and forbearance. To-morrow is Monday. I will feel my way toward getting you those shares we spoke of. If I succeed, as I fully hope to do, your money will be doubled by Friday morning. My investments are never speculative, but sound as the Bank of England. I will not say a syllable to disturb your mind. Cast off every thought about it. I shall act for you with even more discretion than I should employ about my own affairs. And I think I can promise you another thing. From my intimate acquaintance with the Docks, I shall have the pleasure of telling you next Sunday, if you most kindly renew your visit, the latitude and longitude of Captain Tubbs, and perhaps the very day when he must come home, after making all allowances for wind and weather."

This brought a very nice smile into the eyes of the housekeeping lady, who was not so very old; and if Mr. Gaston could have seen how warmly and gratefully she wished her new friends good-night, perhaps it would have made him grind his teeth, and hesitate about his next proceeding.

CHAPTER XXXII.

UNDER THE ASH-TREE.

THE evening of a ripe summer day was slanting down the western heights, and spreading waves of peace and rest (too soft to be called shadows yet) along the fertile lowland and the villages, where people talk. The striped proceedings of the harvest, and the winding tree-girt woods, and meadows coned with hay uncarted still (because of summer floods), patches also streaked according to the coat they had put on (whether of beans, or rape, or turnips, or the hungry and hungrifying potato, or brown vetches spent in pods), and the green leisure of soft pasture filled with alders by the brook—these and a thousand other beauties, spreading wide content to gaze at, lay in the mellow summer eve below the rampart of rough moor.

Returning from Christowell in time to get her father's supper ready, Rose, with one hand full of woodbine, blue-cap, and dark beads of worts, espied a lovely place to rest in and enjoy the varied view. A bend of the wandering lane lay open where a gate had once kept guard; for time had dispersed the gate, and man and his cattle had done very well without it. Over the moss-browed granite posts, whose heads were antlered like a stag's, a grand old ash-tree, hung with tassels, spread a cool awning; to improve the sight, ferns and foxgloves and puce heath flowers fringed the descent of the steep foreground, while the lowland distance was beginning to acknowledge the cast of these great hills.

Here she sat to think a little of the beauties earth presents, and perhaps (although she was so young) of the many troubles it inflicts. She was capable, as she thought, of putting two and two together; but this capability had not brought the comfort of so rare a gift. Nothing came of meditations, and perhaps the wisest plan would be to stop them altogether.

The sweetness of the hovering light and calm of summer fragrance were enough to make one think of nice things here, and scorn anxiety. For in the distance people clearly were at work, but made no noise; and nearer toward, at the hill-foot, cows (as quiet as the milky way) jotted the winding meadows with slow movement, seeking the prime of dew. There was nothing to disturb one's mind under the dignity of that tree, unless the disturbed one brought it with him, or let himself be vexed, through excess of sensibility, by the lightly meaded features which the Christow made a murmur of. In spite of breakage the brook flowed on, and in spite of shadows the evening spread, and over the lines of care and trouble the young heart passed into the like repose.

There could not have been a better time for any one to look at her, with her head reclined against the granite pier, and her hat full of flowers by her side. The rugged face of the stone set off the delicate damask of her own, and the hoary lichens of a hundred years made a foil for the brightness of silky young locks. It was doubtful whether she was half asleep or thinking, but in either case a gentle smile was sweetly resting with her. And not to disturb its beauty or his own delight in watching it, a young man, who had come softly up the turfy slope, drew back, and pondered.

By some strange gift of time and place, this happened to be John Westcombe, who had long been in a condition of mind more easy to feel than to describe. It had neither been distraction, anguish, transport, misery, temerity, abasement, nor any of the many dark profundities of despair. Rather there had been, from time to time, some element of all those moods, combining undesirably, and confounding self-inspection. And now to see the cause of all this stir intensified it. For since that day at Fingle Bridge he had only seen her far away, although he had diligently fished the river to the utmost of his leave. "This is a fair chance now," thought he, "on neutral ground—the Queen's highway, or, at any rate, a parish road. Am I to go on like this forever, until some dishonorable fellow cuts me out? How sweetly lovely she does look! There never was any one like her." For her simple dress, long-waisted, flowing (and neither skewered in, nor skimped to show a foot squeezed into a lobster's claw, nor thatched with stripes of hideous hues), followed the elegance of her form, as nature's self would have provided if the human race were born in husks, as a comely filbert is. The finish of every part was perfect, like a sculptor's dream (but happily quite unlike his deeds), from the tapering finger tips and nails, resembling the aforesaid filbert, to the carven curves and flexured tracery of soft little ears that had never been bored. To these Jack Westcombe thought it now good time to make his love's appeal."

"You did not know that I was here. I came up quite by accident. And I hope you won't be angry with me for—for looking at you?"

"After all your kindness, how could I be angry with you for—for looking at me?"

"But I want to do a good deal more than that. I want to tell you, if I may, the continual things I think of you. You can not understand them; but I should like to make them clear to you."

"But how can you do that, if they are beyond my understanding?"

"Not at all," said Jack, "if you will only try to put yourself in my place. Suppose that you loved anybody with all your heart, and for all your life. The first thing you would want to do would be to make it clear to them."

"But they would be sure to know it. Why should I tell them what they know already? They would feel that I was doing it."

"Then do you feel that I am doing it, doing it evermore, for you? And if you do, are you vexed about it?"

Rose had risen, and was looking at him with maiden bashfulness, and some grief. "You are not thinking what you say," she said.

"Yes, I am. I have thought about it for days, and nights, and weeks, and months. Ever since I first saw you, nothing else has been really in my thoughts. I can not expect you to care for me yet; but only say that you will try. Put it in this way to yourself. Say, 'Here is a fellow not worth much, and in no single way to be compared to me; but he loves me with all his heart and soul, and lovely as I am, I never shall get anybody else to do it half so well.'"

"Really, Mr. Westcombe, if I am to talk to myself like that, I must be a mass of self-conceit."

"So you ought to be. And then go on like this: 'Although I don't care about him now, and he does not come up at all to my ideas, it is my duty to give him fair play, and not for a moment to entertain a single thought of any other person until I have tried my very best to like him.' Now will you promise to consider it like that?"

"Surely your ideas of fair play," she answered, with a smile of pleasure at his skill in putting things so as not to terrify her, "are fairer to yourself, supposing that—that you make a point of me, than they are to any other person, such as I am not to think of."

"How can I argue with you," said Jack, contriving to get very near to her, without any perceptible nearing, "unless you could spare me your hand, that I might count my reasons on it?"

"I am afraid that I ought to go home," said Rose.

"Thank you for being afraid," he answered, with much ability offering his hand, in the manner of one who says "Good-by," "because it seems almost to mean that you are not afraid to be with me. It seems almost as if you were beginning at last to understand, just a little, how I worship you."

"Hush! You must not use such words. It is most sinful. You may say 'love' me. But—"

"Oh! if you give me leave to say 'love you,' I shall care for nothing more. Come, you can never call that back."

"But I have given you no leave at all. You are taking the whole of it yourself," said Rose, as he began to count her fingers, in one of the many bedazements of love, as children count the baby's toes. "Good-night and good-by was the leave you were to take. And if you won't do it, I must do it for you."

"I am off at once; or at least I shall be off before you can count ten. Only, before I go, be so very kind as to do me one little favor. You know that I am not unreasonable?"

"I have always thought that of you until—till now."

"I will do my best for you to think it still. I ask you nothing more than this: to give me both your hands, and say, 'John Westcombe, I will think kindly of you.'"

"Why those are the very words Sam Slowbury says that his wife used to him; and whenever they quarrel he reminds her of them."

"I shall be quite content to be reminded of them fifty thousand times, if the result is the same in our case." This was confusion of thought on Jack's part. But what better could be expected? For Rose, with her gentle graceful manner, gave him both her hands, and said, "Mr. Westcombe, I will think kindly of you." The bloom of a bright blush deepened on her cheeks, as her eyes met his courageously; and then she turned her face away, lest any tell-tale tears should say that her promise had been fulfilled already.

"I will ask no more," John Westcombe said, longing to see her face again, but like a man forbearing; "you have given me all that I can expect. There are many obstacles between us. But as sure as I love you they shall vanish. Now, darling, give me one sweet flower from where the sweeter head has been."

A tear fell into her nosegay as she stooped to choose a pretty one; and without a word she gave him a truss of woodbine, seven sweet rosy bells. Then she took up her hat, and trembling fingers played among the other flowers, because he might think her sadly stingy for only giving him that one.

But it was the one on which the tear had fallen, as Jack's sharp eyes had perceived with joy. "This flower shall be with me all my life," he said, as he held it reverently. "Now, Rose, my Rose, I must see you home, because there are great rogues about. You shall go in front, and I will watch you, as I mean to do all my life."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

"NO. 2402."

"CAN I have a room, sir?" asked an elderly man, in diffident and tremulous voice, of the gentlemanly hotel clerk who beams benignantly and patronizingly at the counter of one of the great inns at Coney Island. "Should like one facing the sea; have tried a good many times to get a room facing the sea, but never got one—in fact, have never seen a man who did get a room facing the sea."

"Impossible, sir; every one taken."

"Then I reckon I won't register."

The gentlemanly hotel clerk brusquely replied, "All right, sir," and I meandered.

I have an idea that the rooms facing the sea are, as a general thing, quietly reserved for railroad men, circus people, folks who keep race-horses, Knights-Templar, friends of the proprietor, and newly married beings who order nice quarters in advance. Sometimes a broker, or party with a good deal of gold depending from various parts of his apparel, succeeds, but not ordinarily.

Meeting an old friend on the piazza, who was stopping in the house with his family, and enjoying his gout, I mentioned how gracefully I had been combed down by the gentlemanly hotel clerk. "Come with me," said he; "I guess I can fix it."

We promenaded to the office, and met the cold, stony-eyed gaze of the g. h. c. "Look here," said my friend—"can't you give this old gentleman a room? He likes to be comfortable; is fond of good things; pays; is of French descent, and drinks wine at dinner."

"Well, I can't place him just now; perhaps I can later."

I registered. Directly I had done so, in came a lot of breezy young fellows, each of whom registered, and by the g. h. c. were promptly roomed. Six of them, I think, were given rooms facing the sea. The sympathies of youth will sometimes work that way.

Later I was blandly informed by the g. h. c. that he *had* managed to secure me a "comfortable room," and calling a minion, said, "Show the gentleman to 2402."

Entering the elevator, I was pulled to the top floor, and shown to an apartment, not facing the sea, but adjoining the elevator, and a few feet from the trunk line of railway that runs along shore. The locomotive's steam-whistle was doing its liveliest. Slam went the elevator door; down went the machine. As I made my toilet, I was cheered by the shrillness of constantly recurring whistles and by the incessant slammings of the elevator door. I reckon it must be part of the regular fun of the "guests" to go up and down in the elevator. It certainly was of the younger people and infantry, else why should they laugh so loudly and "carry on" when stepping out in front of No. 2402? The elevator makes its trips in three minutes, up to midnight. When sleep comes, it is with horrible dreams, and slams, and accidents to the infernal machine. Your repose is fitful, unrestful, a satire on sleep.

Promptly at seven the dreadful apparatus again begins its fiendish work. Disgusted, and inclined to utter words not found in the Psalter, I ablute, dress, descend to the breakfast-room, get a cup of tea, a roll, and one of the eggs of commerce, pay the shot, and take the first train for New York, tremendously refreshed by playing holiday at Coney Island. I have heard from persons of established veracity that a similar experience has been undergone by others.

AN ANXIOUS NIGHT.

IN our front-page illustration Mr. ROGERS pictures one of the many anxious nightly sessions held by the members of the cabinet in the room adjoining that in which the President has lain for weary weeks. The meeting represented occurred at a time when the life of the heroic and patient sufferer seemed to be ebbing slowly but certainly away, and hope of a change for the better had been almost abandoned. On the left is Secretary BLAINE, seated at a table, in front of other members of the cabinet, listening intently to the report of Dr. AGNEW, who has just entered from the President's bedside. Over the door stands a bust of ABRAHAM LINCOLN. It has been said that the "heart of the nation" was in the President's room; and it may be said with equal truth that the cabinet, waiting with anxious hearts for the physician's report, had the whole people as fellow-watchers.

WAIFS AND STRAYS.

A RIVER of oil flowing through the heart of the city of Bradford, Pennsylvania, during a recent night, kept the residents in a state of extreme anxiety. Its source was an overflowing tank of crude petroleum. Along this stream guards were stationed to prevent its being set on fire, and no lights were permitted within forty feet of the oil. A man who built a dam in the centre of the town, from which to bail up the crude oil, and who insisted upon smoking his pipe, was put under arrest.

The Cornell University boat crew would have found welcome on their return from the Old World, despite their record of successive defeats, if it were known that each man in their boat did his best to win victories for American muscle and skill. But it is confidently asserted that the men did not all work with the same purpose, and bitter complaints of the lack of harmony in the crew are made by those who hoped to see them return with a better record. It is suggested that their return is a matter for congratulation in that they have quitted European waters, and that this thought might add sincerity to any welcome that might be extended to them.

The dissection of a shark caught in the waters around the metropolis is a process attended with considerable curiosity on the part of those who are engaged in it. Such articles as shoes, bracelets, and other things in the way of apparel or adornment are almost invariably found in the voracious monster's maw. He is called a man-eater, and the remnants found in his possession seem to justify the name. A great many mysterious disappearances are reported to the police in the course of a year, and in only a few of these cases are the authorities informed of the finding of the missing person. The police account for this on the supposition that the friends of the restored do not think it worth their while to report the return of those who have been absent. Fishing for sharks has of late been very profitable to such as have caught these monsters and put them on exhibition, and there is no knowing how many solitary fishermen have been pulled off the string-pieces of the piers by unexpected and vigorous yanks at the line. Indeed, there is room for a great deal of horrible conjecture.

Although Sheriff Garrett, who shot Billy the Kid, may not get the reward which was offered for the possession of that notorious young outlaw, he is already famous on two continents. The *Saturday Review* devotes two columns to him and his exploit, and expresses the opinion that he would be invaluable as an officer of the law in County Galway, Ireland.

For nine years a babe's grave in Glasgow, Maryland, received the most careful attention, flowers being frequently planted upon it, and the sod being always kept in perfect order. Two persons, unknown to each other, Mr. Brown and Mrs. Ellison, were doing this work of love. Each had buried a child, and each thought that this was its grave. Recently Mrs. Ellison was surprised to find a tombstone erected over her infant's resting-place. A dispute arose, Mr. Brown insisting that the head-stone was rightly placed, and Mrs. Ellison demanding that it be removed. The church vainly tried to settle the dispute. Some one at length suggested that a neglected grave near by be opened, and in it Mr. Brown found the coffin in which his child was buried.

There is an electric light on the top of the water tower in St. Louis. On a recent night an observer saw what seemed to be a volume of smoke issuing from the tower's top, and extending away some fifteen or twenty feet horizontally. On investigation it was found that the cloud was composed of moths that had been attracted by the blazing wonder. It was estimated that there must have been a flour-barrelful of them. Some time ago a brilliant electric burner was suspended in front of the open windows of the type-setting room of a newspaper office in this city. Swarms of insects were attracted into the room, and the paper went to press several minutes late because of their presence on the imposing stones.

No more touching evidence of sorrow over the condition of the President was shown than that of the villagers of Elba, near Richmond, Virginia. As though by common agreement, all social gatherings were postponed, quiet rested upon the little village, the sound of a musical instrument was scarcely heard, and almost a Sabbath stillness reigned during the days of the sufferer's most critical illness.

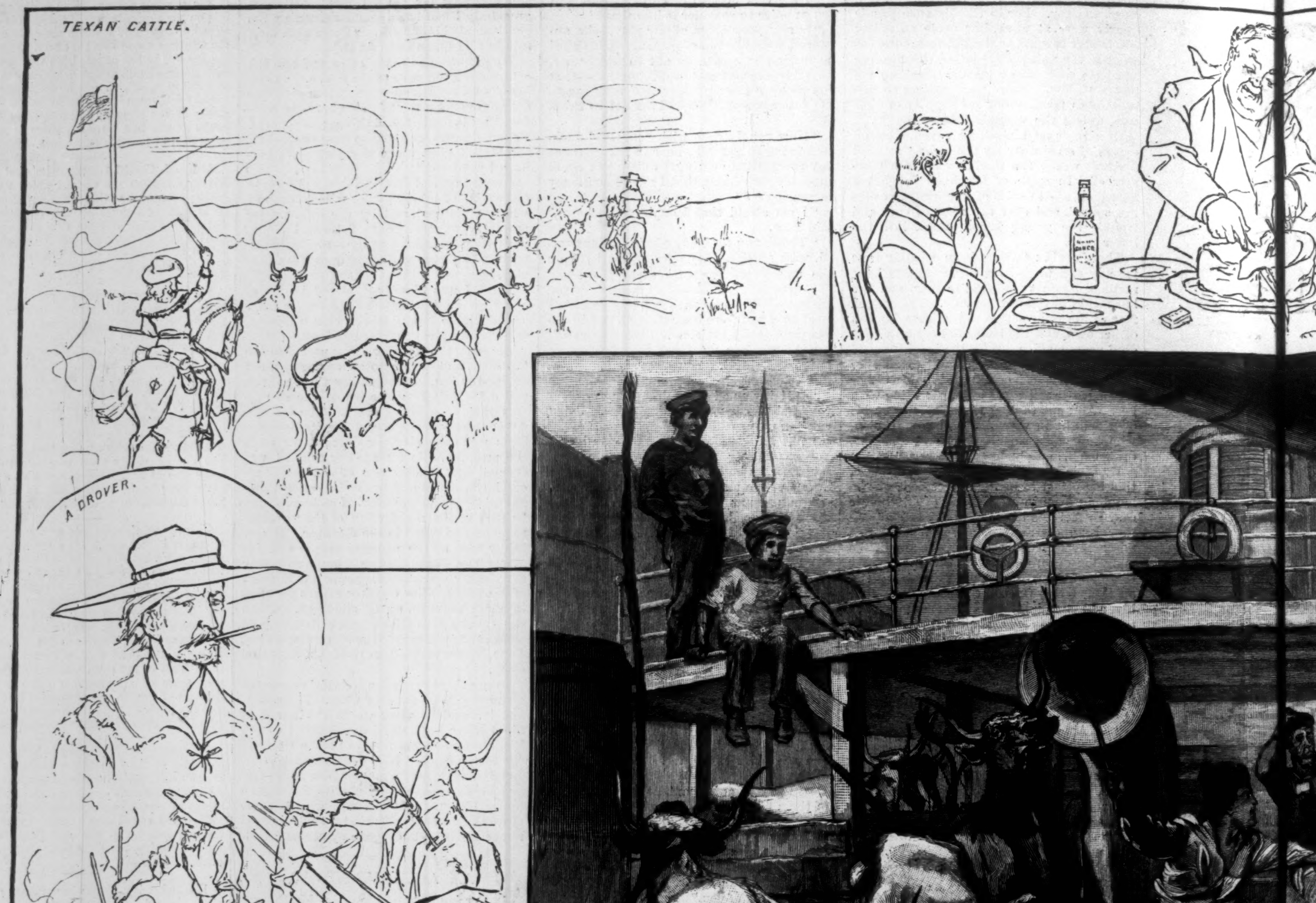
Nantucket is a place where women are not entirely ignored. They outnumber the men sixteen to one. The post of flagman at the railway crossing is acceptably filled by a woman, as are many other positions which are usually occupied by men. On a recent Sunday three of the six pulpits were filled by women; the Rev. Mrs. Phœbe Hanaford preached in the Unitarian church, the Rev. Miss Louise Baker in the Congregational church, and the Rev. Mrs. F. Ellis (colored) in the Colored Baptist church.

Before the beginning of September the smaller parks in the city presented an October appearance. The grass lost its green color, and the leaves of the trees turned brown and curled up. Instead of being attractive, as they usually are at that time of the year, these breathing places for the city's population seemed to have been scorched by hot winds and covered with dust. But the weather had not been warm enough to produce such results; they were due to the drought, which has been felt even more severely in other parts of the country than here, where the moisture taken up from the sea and deposited at night on the land considerably mitigated its severity. In New Jersey the ground has been cracking open, and the farmers have been in despair.

FIVE POINTS EXCURSION.

THERE was a pleasant excursion on the Hudson River on Wednesday, August 24, when Mr. JOHN H. STARIN made a large number of poor mothers and children from the Five Points district very happy by sending them up the North River. Three barges and a steamer conveyed the fortunate excursionists up the river. They were furnished with tastefully designed tickets, representing angels lifting the veil of dawn.

The boys and girls of the neighborhood of the Five Points appeared at the Mission-house early in the morning, with their mothers, all of them neatly washed and dressed. They formed there in procession, with the Rev. S. J. FERGUSON, superintendent of the mission, at the head, and about eight o'clock started for the foot of Franklin Street, where Mr. STARIN's barges and the steamer *Titan* were waiting to take the party on board. Mr. TRUAX, of Mr. STARIN's office, and several gentlemen connected with the New York Petroleum Exchange, who had furnished the refreshments for the occasion, received them. When all was ready, the little fleet started up the river, and the Seventy-first Regiment Band struck up a martial air. The party went up to Dobbs Ferry, where they landed, and spent the day under the trees in Beigan's Park, returning to the city in the evening.


TEXAN CATTLE.
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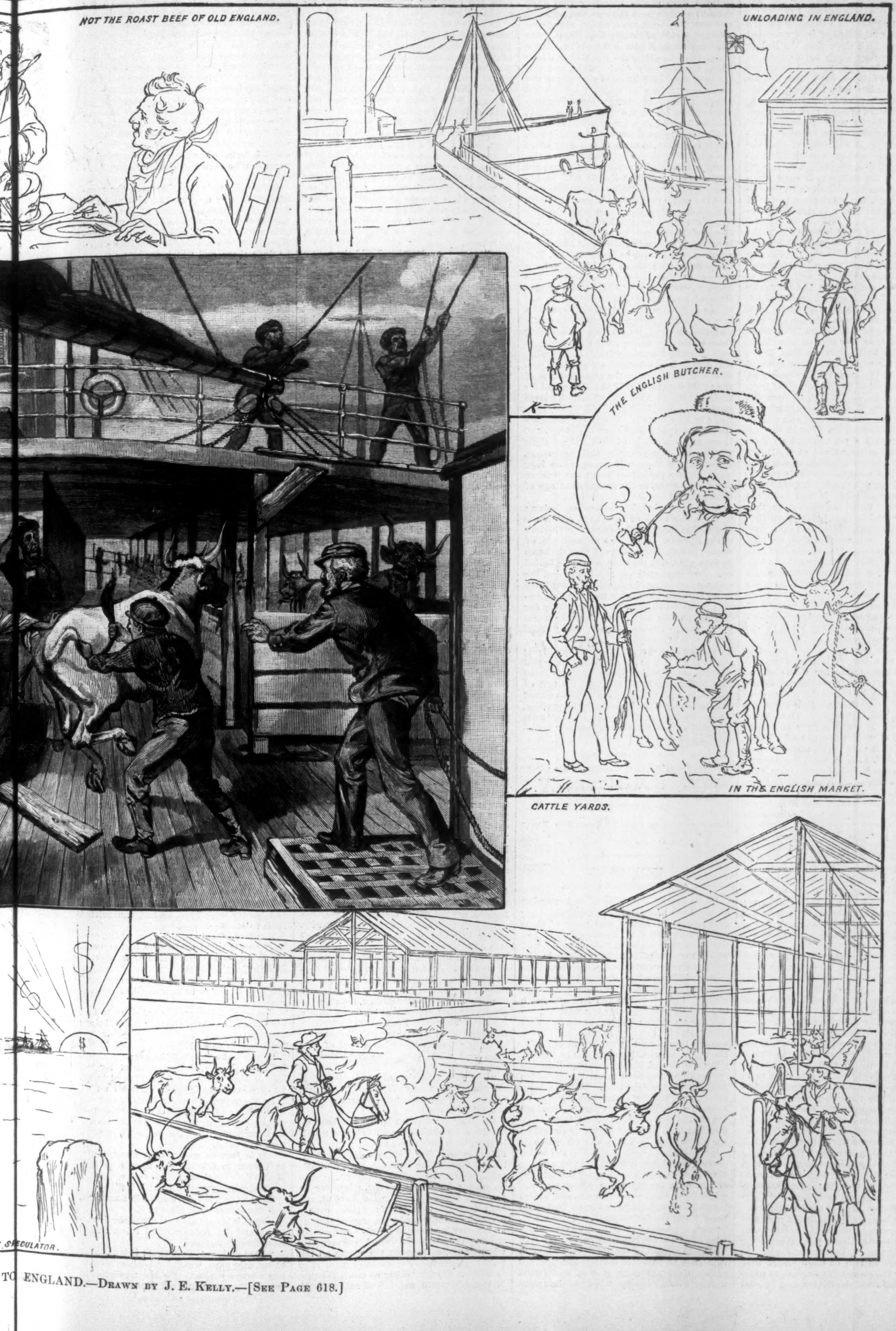
CATTLE SPECULA

THE EXPORTATION OF CATTLE FROM NEW YORK TO EN


NOT THE ROAST BEEF OF OLD ENGLAND.
UNLOADING IN ENGLAND.
THE ENGLISH BUTCHER.
IN THE ENGLISH MARKET.
CATTLE YARDS.
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$
SPECULATOR.

TO ENGLAND.—Drawn by J. E. Kelly.—[See Page 618.]

NEW YORK CATTLE YARDS.

In a recent number of a Glasgow paper a very able and well-informed writer pointed out the facts which show that the British workman lives very much better than he did even twenty years ago. Among the most notable of these facts was the increased importation into England of foreign and particularly of American beef. As the home statistics showed that the deposits of savings-banks were increasing, and that the consumption of tea, coffee, and sugar was advancing, it was evident that the English consumer was not cutting down his comforts or reducing his savings by this indulgence. On the contrary, in spite of recent outcry, largely political, as to the distress of England, the purchasing power of the people of that nation is steadily growing.

This is a fact of great importance to the United States, since our principal exports are in food material, since the Englishman is our most liberal and extensive customer, and since we are constantly urging him to substitute the beef of Ohio and Kentucky for the beef of Old England or of Ireland. To this invitation he is responding with very gratifying readiness. In the year preceding the 1st of December, 1879, there were shipped from the port of New York, almost wholly to English markets, 30,773 live beeves, for which there was received $2,765,127. At the same time, or nearly so, there was shipped 43,257,221 pounds of fresh beef, valued at $3,912,770. In all, here was a value of nearly $7,000,000—no small contribution to the sustenance of our foreign cousins and their families. But in the corresponding period a year later, New York sent out 79,799 cattle, valued at $7,411,900, and 70,276,290 pounds of fresh beef, valued at $6,352,095. The total value in this twelvemonth had jumped to nearly $14,000,000, or more than double what it had been the previous year. When we remember that our neighbor and (remote) rival port, Boston, had in the mean while built up a very neat trade in the same direction, we may well congratulate ourselves on the fact that the children of John Bull are able to buy all the while more and more what may suit their healthy palates, and build up their notedly robust frames.

Our artist has illustrated a variety of scenes in the journey of the American bullock from the prairies of the West to the hold of the vessel in which he takes involuntary passage for the mother country. With some this journey is a long one. It sometimes happens that the cattle of the Texas plains give their contingent to the tide of what may be called the return emigration from our shores. But these instances are relatively rare. The Texan beef is an animal whose energy and independence of character are out of all proportion to his capacity to furnish edible and nutritious meat. He is more picturesque than profitable, and it is generally only when he has tarried in Kentucky or Ohio, and his blood has descended to children of a mixed and better race, that he is represented by his offspring in the foreign shipments. He comes to New York direct in considerable numbers, but his meat is as poor as his frame is sturdy, and goes for the most part, *viâ* the smaller butcher's shops in the crowded quarters, to the tenement-house table, or the counters of the cheapest restaurants. The greater number of cattle which find their way across the ocean are from Ohio and Kentucky, or even from the farms of our own State and of Pennsylvania, with considerable but smaller contingents from Kansas, Missouri, and Iowa. As a rule it is the aristocratic members of the bovine as of the human race who "go abroad." They are the well-fed, well-cared-for, well-housed creatures, whose chief diet is wholesome corn, whose skin is soft and oily, and whose limbs and frames are relatively light.

Not unlike the American man and woman, our cattle, even the best of them, had many objections and prejudices to overcome before they were given *entrée* to the circles in England to which they were directed. Downright merit did not at first avail them much. They were misunderstood, underrated, and, if the truth must be told, they were often misrepresented, and there were cases not a few in which they made their way against this opposition under the guise and title of members of the highest English classes. Gradually, however, the necessity of concealment is passing away, and within the past year Kentucky corn-fed bullocks have stood side by side in the London markets with the choice turnip-fattened English cattle without fear of the comparison.

Much has been done within the past seven or eight years to add to the comfort and —consoling thought!—to the value of the cattle brought to the Eastern markets. As they all traverse two or more States they come under the power of Congress to regulate trade between the States, and Federal statutes were passed requiring that they should be taken from the cars, fed, watered, and rested at least once within every consecutive period of twenty-four hours. Another requirement now in force is that cattle trains shall be given the right of way over trains bearing only dead freight, and this has very materially lessened the fatigue and consequent injury to which they are exposed. But important as are these ameliorations of the lot of the travelling bullock, that lot is not yet a happy one. It is not so abominably cruel and suffering as it was, but it is still so hard as to seriously affect the quality of the meat offered in the seaboard markets. Two very simple and not very costly conditions should still be imposed on the transportation companies—one, that the cattle cars should be provided with springs, the other, that some form of spring "buffer" should be provided to break the shock of the frequent bumping received. It is so much the more reasonable that these requirements should be made by law, that compliance with them would really be a saving to the railway companies. The greater durability of the cattle cars so constructed would more than outweigh the cost of the improvements. In the absence of a law, any one of the great trunk lines would undoubtedly find its account in adopting them of its own motion, and we venture to urge it on the attention of their enterprising managers. Improvements are also both possible and necessary in the arrangements of the yards for the care of the cattle, and for their killing as well. The Sixtieth Street yards are much better, on the whole, than those in New Jersey. The latter are much cleaner in appearance than in reality, and there are reservoirs of filth out of sight which are objectionable and dangerous. Probably the time will come before long when all the yards will be on the western side of the river, to the great advantage of all concerned.

Among the minor but interesting features of the cattle trade of New York city is the disposition made of the uneatable portions of the carcass. Every one understands, of course, that the hide is tanned, that the hoofs go into glue, and that the bones are boiled up. But comparatively few know that the greater part of the blood (sold at about three cents for each bullock) is used for its albumen in the manufacture of dye-stuffs by our shrewd Yankee neighbors; that the horns go mostly to France, to enter into "shell" combs and ornaments; that the "node," or ball of the foot, gives a peculiarly useful oil; that the vertebræ of the tail still make real "ox-tail soup," which often follows the meat into foreign markets; and that the tuft of hair at the end of the tail, which has waved defiance to its owner's rivals on the prairies, finally reposes in the heart of that most peaceful of all material objects, a "horse-hair" mattress.

[Begun in Harper's Weekly No. 1288.]

FOR CASH ONLY.

By JAMES PAYN,

Author of "From Exile," "Under One Roof,"
"Walter's Word," "Won—not Wooed,"
"What He Cost Her," etc.

CHAPTER III.

AN INDEPENDENT OPINION.

In Stokeville the value of each member of the local aristocracy was expressed (or understood) in figures, and none of them were under £30,000. Those who had less than that sum might be "rising men," who would eventually take their place in the front rank of society, but in the mean time were considered what our American cousins call "small potatoes," or "one-horse concerns." Indeed, unless you had at least a hundred thousand pounds you were not entitled to be termed "warm" at all, but were merely tepid. But about Sir Peter Fibbert's warmth there could be no manner of doubt. He was a merchant prince of the highest class, and though his dominions, superficially speaking, were not extensive, counted his subjects by the thousand. With such an amount of caloric about him, it was of course impossible that his partner, Mr. Lyster, should not share in it. It is true the firm had been suffering for a long time from the depression in trade, during which it might well have been that while the senior partner could live, like the bear, by sucking his paws—that is to say, upon the interest of his own savings—the junior partners might have been put to straits and had to rough it, though not exactly on beans and bacon; but so far as Mr. Lyster was concerned, a prudent man to all appearance, who lived in "a bijou residence" (as Oak Villa was termed by the auctioneer who sold it to him), and affected comfort and elegance rather than grandeur, it was understood that he would "cut up" when the time came (and the time was undoubtedly near) remarkably well.

As to how he would leave his money there were different opinions, but it was certain that Clare would come in for the lion's share of it. This, it was considered by everybody, was but just, for it was with her mother's money that her father had joined partnership with Sir Peter, then Mr. Fibbert, whereas from Gerald's mother, the mill hand, nothing of course had accrued to him but Gerald. Moreover, it was probable (though not so certain as it would have been, thanks to the young gentleman's own short-comings) that the latter would himself in due time become a member of the firm, and by that means be amply provided for. It was the general opinion, therefore, especially when the present activity of the cotton trade was taken into account, that Clare Lyster would be very wealthy—what was considered, even in Stokeville circles, an heiress.

"It was no wonder, then," said the young ladies of the locality, "that though she was so unfortunately masculine in her appearance, and expressed opinions which, to say the least, were 'peculiar,' Clare had many suitors."

Of these, Frank Farrer, son of Sir John Farrer, the county member, had been perhaps the most eligible, and Herbert Newton the least. I am quoting what the young ladies said, for certainly, so far as Herbert was concerned, he had never professed anything beyond respect and admiration for his cousin. He had only ten thousand pounds in "the business," placed there by favor of Mr. Lyster, and could hardly (one would hope), being, too, of a scientific turn, have given reins to his imagination to the extent he was credited with. But whoever had once aspired to the honor of Clare's hand, they were now, it was well understood, all out of the running; for the man that had won it, or the promise of it, was Percy Fibbert.

That it was a good match in a material sense, even for her, there was little doubt, for not only was Percy already a partner in the firm, but had great expectations from his uncle.

With his daughter's fortune thus assured to her, and with the consciousness of his own prosperity, one can scarcely imagine Mr. Lyster's mind could be troubled about money matters. Indeed, to some folks (who don't, however, live in Stokeville), it might have seemed strange how, under present circumstances, with his lease of life admitted to be growing very short, he should interest himself in them at all. They might have thought that the book of the recording angel, so soon to be offered to his attention, would have occupied it in anticipation, rather than the returns, however gratifying to those who might hope to benefit by them, of the house of Fibbert & Lyster.

It is on these latter documents, however, that Mr. Lyster is now pondering alone in his study, and it is with eager satisfaction that he peruses them. They reveal an unprecedented prosperity even as matters stand; and for the rest of the year and the year to come, if only this revival of trade should last, promise a golden harvest—"wealth," as one who had no personal experience of its possession expresses it with some simplicity, "beyond the dreams of avarice."

What avarice may dream, thank Heaven I know not; but the expectations of rich men, even when they are no misers, I have noticed, are not easily satisfied. From one point of view—the clergyman's—the occupation in which our invalid was engaged was undoubtedly deplorable. He is thinking of the future, it is true, but by no means of eternity. Just fifteen months—not one-quarter of which he can reasonably hope to see—is the limit of his mental horizon. If the tide of trade is still at flow, his share of profits for that period will be, he reckons, a Hundred Thousand Pounds. The idea of this huge fortune so possesses him that with trembling fingers he makes a note of it in black and white—One Hundred Thousand Pounds.

"The ruling passion strong in death," is the remark that naturally rises to our lips. "This man," one says, "must certainly be a miser."

Far from it: Charles Lyster has been all his life a free-handed man. He has not, it is true, been notorious, as his partner Sir Peter has been, for philanthropic enterprise; he has founded no museum, built no institute, given no free library, laid out no public parks; but he has given, whenever he has been asked to do so, without stint, and has neither denied himself nor those belonging to him whatever in the way of comfort and luxury has seemed suitable to their position. Indeed, as his second marriage bore witness, he has been on the whole an impulsive rather than a calculating man. Nor is he now, though taking so much thought of money's worth, and full of anticipations of gain, calculating for himself. To my mind, at least, this goes far to excuse his present occupation and frame of mind. To see an old man with one leg in the grave, rich in this world's goods, yet with his eyes fixed on personal greed, is a spectacle so disgusting that it does not admit of pity; but provided that we have not hardened our heart nor closed our hand against our fellow-creatures at large, there is no harm in our taking pleasure, in the autumn of our years, in laying up store for those dear and near to us. Indeed, to confess the whole truth, in many cases there is little else left for an old man in the way of pleasure than the contemplation of his own honest gains.

On Mr. Lyster's face, however, the pleasure evoked by the sight of that unit and five-naughts has passed away; he has placed that little memorandum of future profits in a drawer in his desk, and devoted his attention to two documents of another kind which he finds there, and which are by no means of such an exhilarating character. They are the copy of the deed of partnership between himself and Sir Peter, and his will. The former he knows almost by heart, yet he reads it again, word by word, very carefully; the latter, though its details are not so familiar to him, he peruses with less attention. There is nothing to be added to it nor removed from it; it still represents, as it did twelve months ago, his last wishes. Yet he sighs, not as one who has relieved his mind from earthly cares, but wearily, almost hopelessly, as he puts them back in the drawer and locks it.

There is a gentle knock at the door, but though old age has not yet dulled his hearing, he hears it not. It is repeated; the handle of the door is turned, but in vain, for it is locked; and a gentle voice, with some tremor of alarm in it, says, "Tea, papa; will you have it here or in the drawing-room?"

"In the drawing-room," he replies, with an effort that sets him coughing; he does not move, however, but from the desk takes out a hand-glass, and contemplates in it his own sharp and bloodless features.

"Death is written here," he murmurs. "I can not deceive myself, then how much less others? Nor do I wish to deceive them. God forbid that in my last days I should begin to take advantage of any man! I may be taking too gloomy a view of the case, however; let those who should know best decide that. I will give myself the chance, at all events, and I must do it at once."

As he was about to put the mirror in his desk, his eyes lit upon a photograph lying in it—the portrait of a very handsome young man, apparently full of health and strength.

"To look on this picture and on that!" he groaned, with a glance at the reflection of his own countenance. "To think that that *was* me, and this *is* me!"

In a moment or two, however, he recovered himself.

"Great Heaven, how it all goes!" he exclaimed, bitterly, as he put the picture by. "What would I give to look like that next Thursday! Unhappily I shall look like *this*," and he returned the mirror with a sigh.

"Papa, dear, the tea is getting cold."

"I am coming, darling."

The voice of his daughter seemed to revive him; perhaps it reminded him that though ill and old, there was still something left to him, and that if his own strength and beauty were gone, he had transmitted them to another.

He moved feebly to the door, which, contrary to his usual custom, he had secured, but when on the other side of it affected something of activity.

"Your step is brisker, papa, this evening," observed Clare, as he entered the drawing-room.

The invalid, however, is not sorry to find himself in his chair, whither Clare brings his cup.

"Where is Gerald?"

"He is out to-night," she answers, cheerfully, as though it was unusual for her half-brother not to be taking tea at home. "I dare say he has gone down to the club."

By the expression of Mr. Lyster's face one would have said that he had grave doubts of the young gentleman's having sought that sanctuary, but he made no remark upon the point.

"It is just as well we are alone, Clare, as I wish to talk to you upon a private matter."

"Indeed, dear papa: what is it?"

She had put her work away in a moment, and drawn her chair close to his.

"Well, it is not that I am not perfectly satisfied with Dr. Dickson, but I think I shall have further advice."

"I am delighted to hear it; it is the very thing, dear papa, which Dr. Dickson himself has always wished. He has no doubt, he says, of the nature of your illness, nor of the correctness of his treatment, but for all that it would be more satisfactory—that was the very term he used—to have a second opinion."

"Yes, my dear, but the opinion should be an independent one. If there is such a consultation as Dickson would propose, it is after all only Dickson over again, *plus* somebody else. No physician ever finds fault with another physician's treatment. So I shall have a man from London all by himself. Dickson is not one to be huffy."

"The last man in the world, papa; though, if he were, I should still say, please yourself. It is a matter in which no one has any right to interfere; and for my part I am very glad."

"You think folks are more sanguine in London than in Stokeville, do you, my child?" he answered, with a smile. "You must not think that, because you will be disappointed. It is not possible, I am well aware, that I should be cured, but the man I have in my mind may do something, perhaps, to prolong my life. I should dearly like, Clare, to be a little longer with you."

She often thought afterward of the tone in which her father spoke those words. They were not merely earnest and affectionate; they expressed a yearning so intense that it thrilled through and through her. She seemed never to have guessed before how her father loved her. "And, Clare," he continued, "I don't want any one to know of this. I don't mean Dickson only, but anybody. I am going to fix Thursday for the man's visit—Dr. Bell his name is—because that is Gerald's day for going to Middleton, so that we shall be quite alone."

Nothing more was said upon the matter, though much was thought about it by both of them, each in their own fashion. As to Mr. Lyster, we shall presently be able to guess at the nature of his reflections; but among those which occurred to Clare, came, unbidden, the remembrance of what dear old Miss Daredell, her mother's friend and hers, had once observed to her apropos of her father's second marriage.

"Nothing, of course, could be more unexpected, my dear; but it did not take me by surprise; nor did I blame him for the secrecy with which the matter was carried on, as others did. My conviction is, your dear father has never asked any human being for advice in his life; his character is an unusual combination of qualities; he is at once impulsive and secretive. If he ever tells you of anything he has made up his mind to do, it will be because he can't help it."

And somehow it struck Clare that her father would not have made her a confidante of this visit of Dr. Bell, of London, though it was on a matter that concerned her so nearly, if it could have taken place without her knowledge.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE MAD-STONE.

By J. ESTEN COOKE.

I.

"THEN you don't believe in the mad-stone, my dear Wolfgang?"

"Certainly I do not."

"Still, the facts are undoubted: my statements are susceptible of proof."

"Nothing is susceptible of proof which is impossible, dear friend Langley."

This conversation took place on a day of summer, in a country house on the Lower Rappahannock, in Virginia. The friends exchanging views with each other were Henry Langley, a young country gentleman, and Dr. Wolfgang, from Göttingen, a man of about thirty, like himself. Langley had made his acquaintance some years before in Europe, had found him a delightful companion, and Wolfgang having visited America, came and made a long stay at The Reeds, Langley's place. He spoke English fluently, was a great favorite with Mrs. Langley, and the only objectionable trait about him was his dogmatism. On this morning after breakfast they were smoking in the drawing-room, and reading the papers. The sensation of the moment was the terrible prevalence of hydrophobia in the city of Brooklyn, and this had brought on an obstinate discussion.

"Dear friend Langley," continued Dr. Wolfgang, "the whole thing is absurd—incredible. What is it you tell me? You tell me that a gentleman in this county possesses a small green stone, which, applied to the wound inflicted by the bite of a dog laboring under rabies, sucks the virus from the incision, and prevents the occurrence of hydrophobia."

"Yes, there is no doubt of it," said Langley, smiling. Dr. Wolfgang ran his fingers through his beard and shrugged his shoulders.

"It is what your English writer Sir Thomas Browne calls a vulgar error."

"The fact has been proved on a dozen occasions."

"It has never been proved. A dozen occasions have never occurred. Do you know the percentage of cases of hydrophobia in a population?"

"I do not."

"Then I will tell you. I have studied this special subject, and can give you the figures. In France, with a population of thirty-six millions, there were in five years one hundred and seven cases; that is, only one to every two million inhabitants."

"That may be in Europe. Here it is different."

"No. In the city of New York, with a population of more than one million, there have been in forty years only ninety-four cases. So you see your famous mad-stone could not have been applied 'on dozens of occasions' in your little county here with its handful of people."

"I used a figure of speech. What I meant was, frequently. The fame of the mad-stone is not confined to Essex County. Its virtues are known far and wide; and no sooner is any one bitten by a mad dog anywhere in this region of country than his friends either bring him to Mr. Fortescue, the owner of the stone, or, if that is impossible, they bring the stone to him."

"*Helf Himmel!*" cried Dr. Wolfgang, relapsing into his native tongue; "was ever such talk! and to a man of science, a doctor of physiology! Dear friend, it is all what you call *bosh* in your good English. Describe once more to me this wonderful mad-stone."

"I have told you all I know of it," said Langley, laughing. "It is about two inches long, and perhaps an inch thick, rounded at the edges, and of a green color, resembling copperas."

"Protosulphate of iron," said Dr. Wolfgang: "so far I understand."

"I don't know," replied Langley, "as I'm not a great chemist like yourself. I only know its properties. When the stone, or protosulphate of something, is applied to the wound made by the bite of a mad dog, it adheres closely to the flesh for about half an hour. During this time the stone may be seen turning greener and greener—"

"*Similia similibus!*" muttered Dr. Wolfgang, with a grim smile.

"That is the poison going into it," continued Langley, taking no notice of the interruption. "At the end of an hour at the farthest, the stone drops off."

"Ah! the stone—this famous mad-stone—drops off, does it?" said Wolfgang, satirically.

"Yes: you see the work is done. The poison is all sucked up, and the wound is completely cleansed of the mad dog's venom."

"And the patient is safe?" said Dr. Wolfgang, shrugging his shoulders.

"Entirely safe—the bite is no longer a thing of any consequence."

"And the stone, what becomes of *it?* It seems to me *the stone* is poisoned now, and, according to sound reasoning, ought itself to poison the next patient."

"Not at all; it is easily cleansed."

"In what manner?"

"By plunging it into fresh milk. After remaining there an hour or two, the milk turns green, and the stone is washed—it has discharged the venom into the milk."

Dr. Wolfgang got up from his seat, and threw his meerschaum on the table.

"Was ever such moonshine!" he cried, and he burst forth into German expletives, *donner und blitzen*, and other expressions of wrath and wonder. Langley laughed aloud.

"You obstinate fellow, there's no doubt of the truth of what I tell you!" he said. "A case occurred last fall in this very neighborhood. A man who cuts timber on the river, named Carpenter, was bit by a dog that was raving mad, and cured by the mad-stone. He lost no time in hurrying to Mr. Fortescue and applying it. It acted like a charm, and he is now perfectly well."

"The dog was not mad!" cried Dr. Wolfgang.

"You are wrong. He bit a horse and two other dogs, and they all died. Two days afterward the dog was dead himself."

Dr. Wolfgang knit his brows.

"You have an answer for everything," he said. "Where does this Carpenter live?"

"On the river, near the high-road running to Tappahannock, about a mile from Mr. Fortescue's."

"Very good. I will go and see him. He will be dead now."

"Who will be dead?" asked a laughing voice.

II.

The words were uttered by a young lady, who came into the room at the moment. She was about twenty-three, and had one of those faces which seem to bring the sunshine with them when they appear. Her figure was slight, and she was dressed in exquisite taste. In her arms she carried a lap-dog—a mass of shaggy curls, with nothing but his long ears to indicate where his head was.

This was Mrs. Langley; and it was easy to see from her husband's expression that she was the light of his eyes. They had been married for two or three years, but the honey-moon was still shining. That was plain from the glances they exchanged as the young lady entered. It was equally plain from the sudden softening of Dr. Wolfgang's satirical expression that he too was under the spell, and had conceived a warm affection for his friend's wife.

"What is the matter?" said Mrs. Langley, coming up to them, and showing her pearly teeth. "I am afraid you are quarrelling, as usual."

Dr. Wolfgang made a courtly bow and said, smiling, "Your good husband is so obstinate, dear Madame Langley!"

"Well, old fellow," said Langley, laughing, "you are a pretty person to charge other people with obstinacy! Of all the hard-headed, dogmatic, opinionated, pertinacious— But I'll spare you this time. All I have to say is that the man who tries to argue *you* into anything—"

"What in the world were you arguing about, my dear?" interrupted Mrs. Langley.

"Wolfgang and myself were discussing the mad-stone. He refuses to believe in it."

"I certainly do. Am I wrong, dear Madame Langley?"

"I am afraid you are, doctor," the lady said. "I have heard of so many cures it has performed, that I think there can be no doubt of them."

"A good specimen of female reasoning!" growled Dr. Wolfgang, *sotto voce.*

"Only a few months ago a Mr. Carpenter was cured by the stone."

"Carpenter again! I'll see this Carpenter before I'm a day older," muttered Dr. Wolfgang. "So you believe in the mad-stone, madame?" he said to the lady. "Yes or no?"

"Yes," said Mrs. Langley, smiling. "If I'm ever bitten by a mad dog, I hope they will send for it."

As the young lady spoke, she fondled the little lap-dog in her arms, caressing the shaggy head with her small white hand covered with rings.

"Poor Rèmy," she said, addressing the dog in the tone of a person speaking to a baby, "did they think it would ever grow mad, and bite people? Rèmy is too good to be bad, and snap and snarl—"

Suddenly Rèmy snapped and snarled.

"What is the meaning of that?" said Dr. Wolfgang, stopping all at once as he was applying a lighter to his meerschaum. Langley turned his head.

"I did not notice what you refer to," he said.

"Why is that lap-dog snarling?"

Mrs. Langley uttered a ringing laugh, and pointed under the centre table. They looked, and saw a large black cat, with her back erect and her yellow eyes blazing. She was gazing with fiery eyes at the lap-dog, and "spitting."

"It is that cat," said Mrs. Langley, holding the lap-dog close to her bosom, and soothing him. "She and Rèmy hate each other. It is a wild cat, as the servants say; that is, it does not belong here."

Dr. Wolfgang looked thoughtful.

"I hope nothing is the matter with the dog," he said, looking at him keenly.

"The idea!" exclaimed Mrs. Langley. "You gentlemen must have talked yourselves into a nervous state; that ought to be left to the weaker vessels. To fancy that anything was the matter with Rèmy! Even if he was raving mad, he would never hurt *me.* He loves me too much. Poor Rèmy, did they go and abuse him?"

She smoothed the dog's curls, and he closed his eyes, nestling down, and apparently falling into a doze.

"Well, perhaps you are right, madame," said Dr. Wolfgang. "I have no doubt it was my fancy, and nothing ails the animal. But you must let me say one thing: I never see one of your charming sex fondling one of these creatures without thinking two things—one, that he is not worth it; and the other, that if ever he be attacked by rabies, the hand fondling him will be the first he will bury his teeth in."

Having uttered these words in a tone of the utmost gravity, Dr. Wolfgang had recourse to his usual bow, after the fashion of his country; and then reminded his friend Langley that he had promised to show him the American system of budding peach-trees. Langley assented at once, and they went in the direction of the peach orchard, Mrs. Langley having seated herself, with Rèmy on her lap, and opened the last magazine.

As the friends went across the lawn toward the inclosure containing the peach-trees, Wolfgang said, in a thoughtful voice, "Do you know, my dear friend, what I would do if I were in your place?"

"What do you mean—what you would do?"

"I would wring that lap-dog's neck."

"Wring his neck!"

"Or, if that seems too violent a proceeding, I would purchase five or ten grains of strychnine, and quietly administer it."

Langley looked at his friend with surprise, and said, "You don't mean—"

"I mean that I don't like the looks and ways of that charming animal. I do not say he has rabies, or is going to have it; but I am perfectly familiar with the symptoms from my stay in the veterinary school at Lyons, and I say—I don't like his appearance."

"His appearance!"

"I will explain what I mean. The vulgar opinion is that hydrophobia—that is, hatred of water—is the main indication of canine rabies. That's all a blunder. Neither a mad dog nor the person bitten by him hates water; he only can not swallow it. Instead of hating it, he craves it; but the muscles of the throat contract violently, and prevent deglutition, hence he ejects it violently. The real symptoms are sleepiness, restlessness, uneasiness, snapping and snarling at trifles, or at nothing."

Langley looked a little uneasy, but made no reply.

"To be plain, this dog which Madame Langley holds in her arms and caresses may or may not have incipient rabies. Watch him, and you will soon discover. If he goes under sofas, or into corners, as if to hide himself, and turns round frequently, or changes his position, or snarls at nothing, or looks up in the air—wring his neck! That last symptom indicates hallucination, and hallucination means incipient madness. The brain and nerves come first; when they are fully affected, the venom forms. It forms on the gums at the base of the canine teeth, and soon pervades the saliva. Then a bite is mortal. The teeth make the incision, and the poison enters. Then, in ninety cases in a hundred, death follows, mad-stone or no mad-stone."

"You frighten me."

"I mean to do so. You are my friend, and your wife is an angel. I have said, Watch this dog, and if you observe the symptoms I have mentioned, knock out his brains. Don't go near him."

As Dr. Wolfgang spoke, a cry came from the house.

"*Helf Himmel!* what is that!" he cried. "Can it be—"

And he began running toward the house, followed by Langley.

III.

Dr. Wolfgang and his friend rushed into the drawing-room side by side.

Mrs. Langley was standing erect in the middle of the floor, looking very much agitated. Her right hand was tightly clasped around her left arm just below the elbow.

"What has happened?" cried Dr. Wolfgang, hastening toward her.

"Rèmy bit me," faltered the young lady, with a nervous tremor in her voice and frame.

"Bit you? Oh, my God!" cried Langley, remembering his conversation with Wolfgang. He ran to her and threw his arms around her.

"Oh, my own! my darling!" he moaned, utterly unnerved.

A strong hand thrust him back without ceremony, and Dr. Wolfgang confronted the young lady. His manner was in vivid contrast to that of his friend. He was perfectly cool, and spoke with the utmost deliberation and calmness.

"Be good enough to take your seat in this arm-chair, Madame Langley," he said.

The young lady fell into the chair, and Dr. Wolfgang quietly sat down beside her.

"I understand you to say that your lap-dog bit you?" he said.

"Yes, doctor—who would have believed it?—here, on my arm."

"Allow me to see it."

He pushed back the sleeve, and saw two semicircular rows of incisions where the teeth had entered.

"It is nothing," he said; "but you will permit me, as a mere matter of form."

So saying, Dr. Wolfgang placed his lips on the wound, and sucked with all his force.

"A novel mode of bleeding," he said, spitting out the blood. "Now what has happened?"

Mrs. Langley informed him in a few words. As soon as the friends had left the room, Rèmy had leaped down from her lap; then he had gone under the sofa; then he had come out again; had turned round and round, looked uneasy and restless, gazed up into the air, and snapped, showing his teeth; finally, he and the "wild" cat had fought with fury, and while she was trying to separate them, the dog had bitten her violently in the arm.

"Is that all?" said Dr. Wolfgang, tranquilly.

"Then you don't think he is mad?" exclaimed Langley.

"Certainly not."

"Where is he, darling?" he cried.

"I don't know; he ran out of the room," she replied.

"Poor fellow! he is very sorry, I have no doubt," said Dr. Wolfgang. "It was merely an accident; but if you wish, I will go for your mad-stone."

"Oh, if you only would!" cried the young lady, in terror.

"Let me go!" cried Langley; but Dr. Wolfgang vetoed this. He knew the road to Dr. Fortescue's, and his friend had better stay with his wife.

"It is absolutely nothing," he said; "but I would like to relieve your mind. Shall I do so?"

"Oh, I wish you would, doctor!" the young lady cried.

"Bring me a little gunpowder, my friend," said Wolfgang to Langley. It was brought in a moment, and the doctor poured a tea-spoonful from the flask upon the wound.

"Why, my meerschaum has gone out!" he said. And taking a match he struck it as though to light his pipe. Instead of doing so, however, he turned round quickly and touched it to the powder. A puff of smoke and a sprit of flame rose; the young lady uttered a cry of pain.

"Now, even if your dog was mad, there is no danger; but I will go for your famous mad-stone," he said. Langley was going to order his horse.

"No," said Dr. Wolfgang; "I will attend to that."

He went out to the stables, and saw the hostler rubbing down his favorite riding-horse. There was thus no delay, and in five minutes the horse was saddled.

"Have you seen your mistress's dog, my friend?" he said to the hostler.

"Yes, sir—under the corn-house; something strange about him."

Dr. Wolfgang took up a short heavy stick from the ground, and concealed it behind him. Then he quietly drew near Rèmy, who was lying on the ground looking up intently into the air. The dog did not stir; he seemed unconscious of all around him. Dr. Wolfgang thereupon lifted his club suddenly and beat out his brains.

"At least he won't bite any one else!" he muttered; and taking his horse from the astonished servant, he mounted, rode quietly away, and soon lost sight of the house. No sooner, however, had he done so than he pushed his horse to a gallop, and, following the river road, disappeared.

Two hours afterward Dr. Wolfgang returned, his horse going nearly at a walk. This was no doubt to allow him to cool off, as he had been going at full speed. He dismounted, and entered the house, where Langley was seated by his wife, holding her hand and looking at her with tears in his eyes.

"Well, I've brought your famous mad-stone, as you insisted on having it," said the doctor, smiling. "Perhaps, after all, there's more virtue in it than one thinks."

He drew from his pocket a small green stone about two inches long, with rounded edges.

"Will you have it applied, madame?"

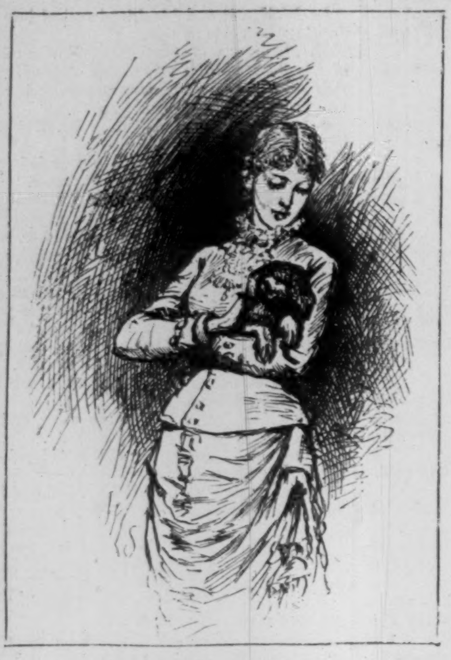
"Oh, yes, yes," cried the young lady.

The doctor looked at the wound, and said, "An eschar has formed, I see. A moment!"

And with a quick movement he tore the shrivelled skin, burned by the powder, from the wound. Mrs. Langley cried out with pain.

"It is done, madame; and now for the mad-stone," said the doctor.

He placed the stone flat on the wound, and, strange to say, it adhered firmly. Dr. Wolfgang seemed astonished, and raised the arm so that



"WHO WILL BE DEAD?"

the stone, if an ordinary substance, must have fallen off. It still clung to the wound, and the doctor muttered, "That is very strange."

Half an hour passed, and not a word was uttered.

"It is visibly growing greener! Can it possibly be the poison?" said the doctor.

Another half-hour passed, almost in complete silence, when the doctor touched the mad-stone with his finger, and it fell off.

"Very strange indeed! A little milk, if convenient, my friend."

The milk was brought, the stone plunged into it, and in five minutes the milk turned green.

"*Helf Himmel!*" cried the doctor; "can there be something in this curious mad-stone, after all? It seems—it must be so. Yes, this wonder exists—seeing is believing. There is the very poison sucked out of your wound, madame. I confess I did not believe it was a real case of hydrophobia. I was wrong. But then you are as good as well, thanks to this wonderful mad-stone."

The doctor examined the arm carefully.

"It is just as well to adopt every precaution," he said. "Some of the virus may still linger in the bottom of the incision, and mingle with the tissues. That is always the danger in cases of rabies. A sac is formed, which months afterward bursts, and discharges the venom into the blood."

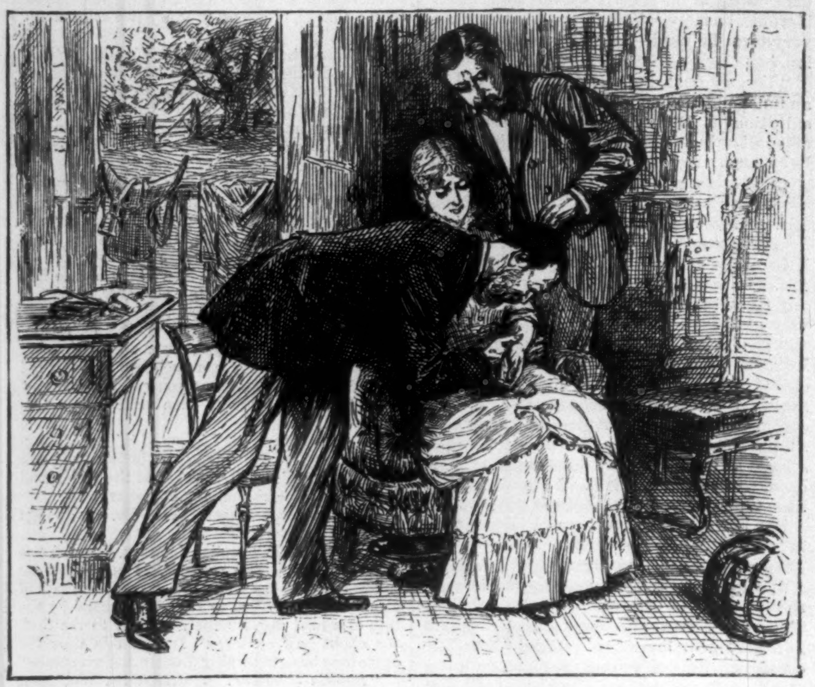
"What are you going to do, doctor?" said Mrs. Langley, nervously.

"Oh, don't be afraid; I will only touch the incisions with this stick of nitrate of silver."

But Dr. Wolfgang did not touch them only. He dug down to the very depths with his stick of lunar caustic, turned it about in the incisions, persisted in a thorough operation, and then said: "Now, my friend, offer madame your arm, and escort her to her chamber. She had better lie down. In ten minutes I will mix an opiate, which it would be better for her to take."

Langley put his arm around his wife, and they went out of the room. The doctor fell into a chair.

"*Helf Himmel!*" he muttered; "is she going to die? I don't know, but I have done my best to save her."



"DR. WOLFGANG PLACED HIS LIPS ON THE WOUND."

Six months after these scenes, Dr. Wolfgang left his friends to return to Europe. The parting was a sad one, for he had greatly endeared himself to both Mr. and Mrs. Langley.

"I am so very sorry!" said the beautiful young woman; "we shall miss you so much!"

"You are sure you will not forget me?" said Dr. Wolfgang, trying to smile.

"How could I? You saved my life by bringing the mad-stone so promptly."

Dr. Wolfgang did not smile this time; he chuckled.

"I regret to depart without ever laying my eyes on that wonderful object," he said.

Langley looked at him with some surprise.

"Without laying your eyes upon it, my dear fellow?" he said.

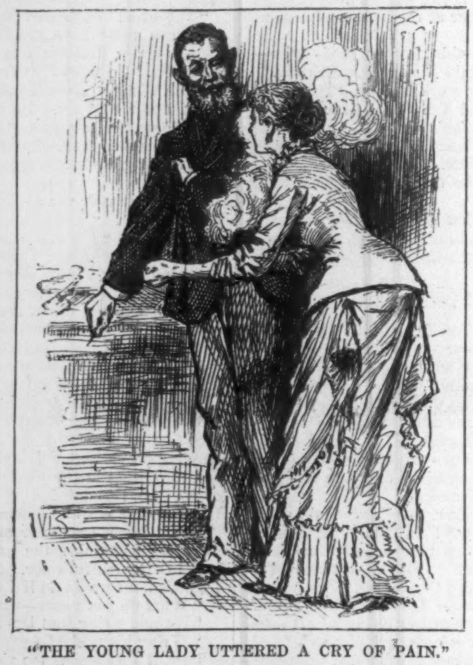
"I have never yet seen it."

"Never seen it?"

"I observe you are very much surprised."

"I certainly am. Assuredly you brought the stone, and it stuck, and colored the milk with the green poison—the mad-stone."

"Copperas," said the doctor, with great enjoyment; "gum-arabic and green paint effected the rest."



"THE YOUNG LADY UTTERED A CRY OF PAIN."

Langley and his wife looked at the doctor with extreme astonishment.

"What on earth do you mean, my dear Wolfgang?" said his host.

"I mean this, my dear friend," said the doctor. "From the moment when madame told me how she had been bitten, I was satisfied that the lap-dog was mad. Unless I acted promptly, her death was as sure as anything earthly could be; so I did not lose time. The first thing was to tranquillize her nerves; nothing is more fatal on such occasions than nervousness. I told her a lie, as all physicians are justified in doing, namely, that the dog was not mad, and there was no danger. Then I went for your mad-stone."

"I thought you said—"

"Listen. I really did go to your friend Mr. Fortescue's house, meaning to procure the stone. Madame believed in it, and that was an important point."

"I understand, of course."

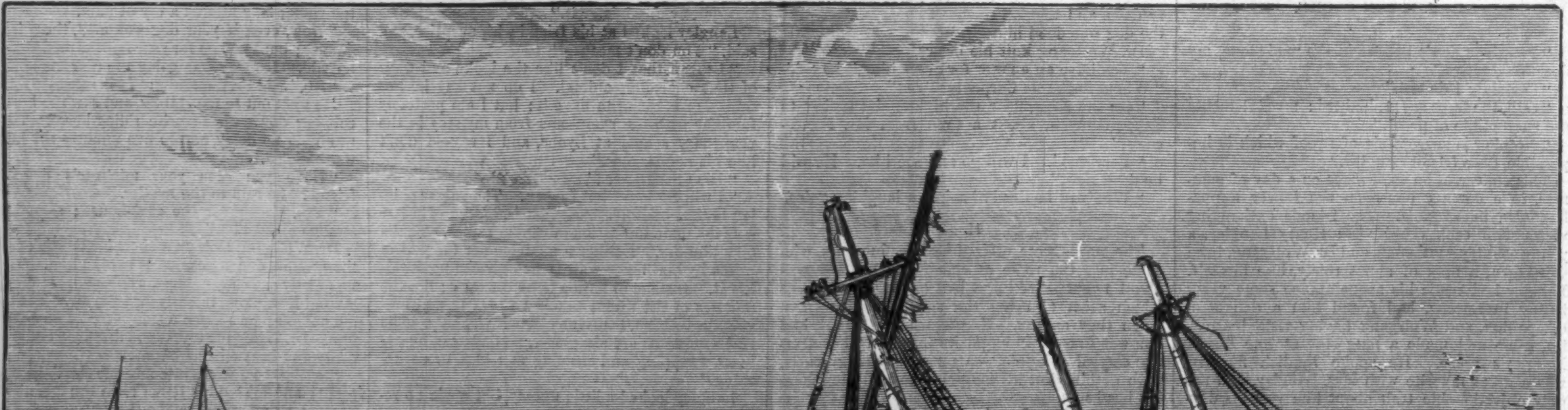
"Mr. Fortescue was absent, and the stone was locked up. But a mad-stone was necessary, so I went on to the village of Tappahannock, where I purchased a lump of copperas, some gum-arabic, green paint, but more important than all, nitrate of silver."

"Then the mad-stone—"

"A few words will finish this interesting narrative," said Dr. Wolfgang, smiling. "I shaped the copperas into the form of the mad-stone with my penknife, smeared one side with the gum, and the other with the paint, and when applied to madame's arm, it naturally adhered to that charming object, and afterward colored the milk a deep green."

"Then, after all—"

"I have never, as I said, seen the famous mad-stone. I really have no curiosity about it, dear Langley. The man Carpenter, whom it cured, you said, died last week, you know, in all the agonies of hydrophobia; and your wife would as surely have died, for she was unquestionably bitten by a mad dog. What cured her was *cauterization*; it was not the mad-stone. Moral—cauterize! And now, friends, farewell." With which words Dr. Wolfgang departed.



THE WRECK OF THE "SANDUSKY."—Drawn by J. O. Davidson, from Sketches by Officers of the Steam-ship "Hudson."—[See Page 622.]

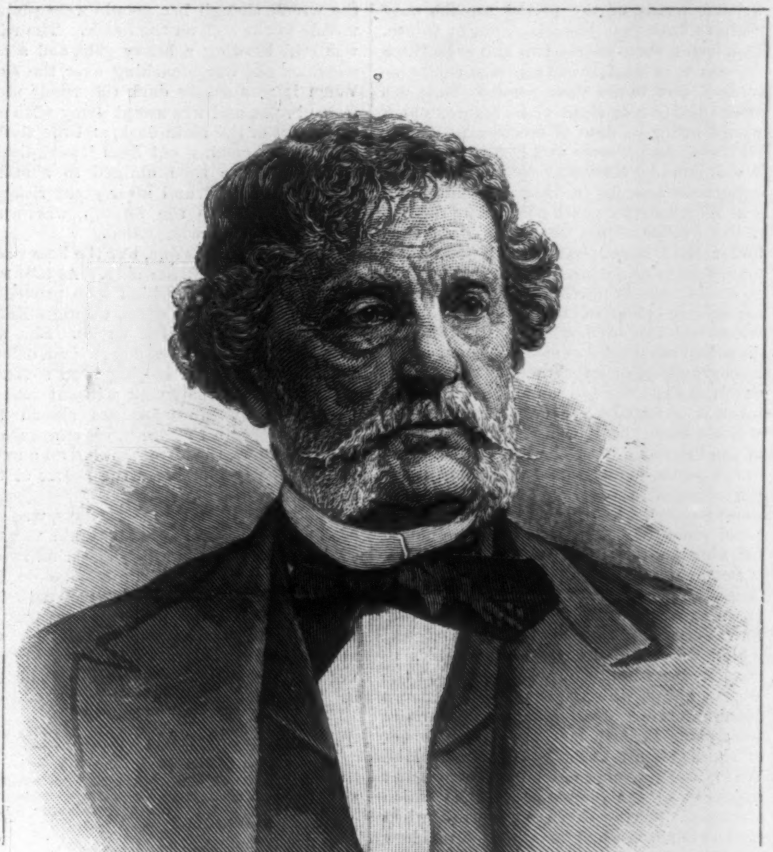
THE HON. SAMUEL B. RUGGLES.

By the death of Mr. **Samuel Bulkley Ruggles**, New York has lost a highly esteemed and influential citizen. He was born in the year 1800, of a Connecticut family celebrated in colonial times, and graduated at Yale at the very early age of fourteen. He was called to the bar of New York in 1821, and soon attained to a successful practice. But the young lawyer was not entirely buried in his books; he foresaw the inevitable extension of the city, and invested largely in real estate. He purchased land in the neighborhood of what is now called Union Square. He gave to the city much of the land of which that pleasant park is composed, and laid out Gramercy Park. The Clarendon Hotel, and the cottages on Fourth Avenue which are now giving place to gigantic apartment houses, were on his property. The prices current when Mr. **Ruggles** began his operations may be estimated from the fact that Mr. **Peter Cooper** had in the same year an offer of eighteen acres between Fifth and Eighth avenues, south of Twenty-first Street, for $11,000. Yet the enterprise of Mr. **Ruggles** did not prove profitable, and he sustained heavy losses in the panic of 1837.

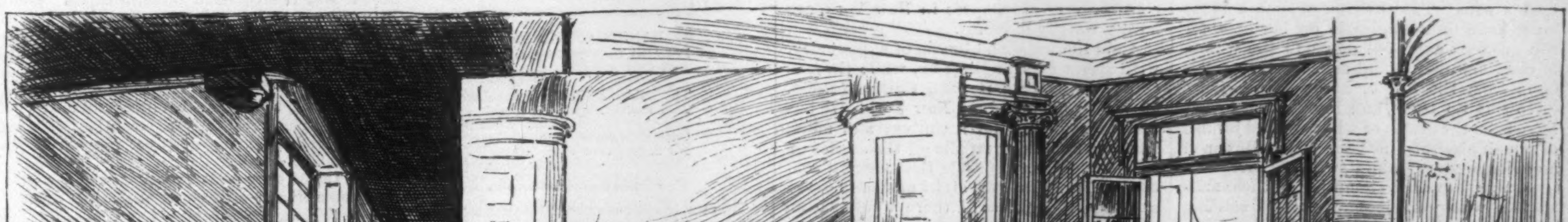
In that year he made his first appearance in politics, and was returned to the Assembly on the Whig ticket. In this body he became conspicuous for exact information, sound commercial views, and zeal for developing the resources of the State. He devoted great attention to the canal question, and as chairman of the Canal Committee he made an elaborate report on the proposed enlargement thereof. In this he strongly advocated the expenditure of large sums of money—a policy which was described as "extravagant and ruinous," and was made a political issue in the campaign of 1838, when **Seward** defeated **Marcy**. Mr. **Seward** appointed Mr. **Ruggles** Canal Commissioner, and in 1840 he became President of the Canal Board, an office he held for eighteen years. In these public offices he displayed almost prophetic foresight. He perceived that New York was to be the commercial centre of the continent, and that it was impossible to overestimate the importance of the canal system to its future development. It may be said that this city owes its position as the metropolis of America to the measures he advocated and carried through during his term of office. Retiring from the Canal Board in 1858, Mr. **Ruggles** continued to be a prominent member of the New York Chamber of Commerce. In the reports which he made to this eminently practical body, nearly every financial question was treated with striking ability and profound knowledge. His report as United States Commissioner to the Paris Exposition of 1866 is remarkable for the thorough and exhaustive treatment of the subject. It is impossible to enumerate all the pamphlets, addresses, and reports which have proceeded from his pen. They exceed a hundred in number, and placed their author in the first rank of authorities on financial and economical statistics. In 1867 he was one of the commissioners sent to the International Monetary Conference, and in 1868 was the delegate of the United States to the International Statistical Conference at the Hague. At both of these important meetings the extent, depth, and accuracy of Mr. **Ruggles**'s information excited the admiration of his European colleagues. As a publicist he belongs to the world; as a citizen who served his State during a long life with zeal, integrity, and intelligence, he is a son of whom New York must be proud.

Mr. **Ruggles** died on Sunday, August 28, at the Surf Hotel, Fire Island, in his eighty-second year. For some years his residence was on Union Square, but on the death of his wife he gave up his old mansion, and chose the Westminster Hotel as his residence. He rarely, after his great bereavement, entered into general society, but loved to meet his old friends **Peter Cooper** and **Thurlow Weed**. He was a conspicuous figure at the recent birthday anniversary of our venerable philanthropist, and looked almost young again as he walked to the house of the friend he had known since 1833. He retained almost to the last his active habits, always preferring walking to riding. In June he went to spend the summer at Fire Island, but a few days after his arrival was prostrated by a stroke of paralysis. At his age recovery was hopeless. His son, Mr. **James F. Ruggles**, was constantly by his bedside, and his daughter, Mrs. **George T. Strong**, returned from Europe to give her loving care to her venerable parent. The funeral took place from the residence of his son, No. 226 East Eighteenth Street.

Mr. **Ruggles** had the merit of foreseeing early the development both of the city and of the State of New York. When he began to buy land, Union Square, the very centre of business to-day, was an up-town farm. When he entered on his functions at the Canal Board, our system of internal communication was in its infancy. He advocated at once a comprehensive scheme—the enlargement



THE LATE HON. SAMUEL B. RUGGLES.—Photographed by Sarony.


AN OLD FIREPLACE.
A CORNER IN THE PARLOR.
THE OLD STAIRCASE.
EXTERIOR VIEW.
THULSTRUP
M.M. VAN DYKE & CO.
WASHINGTON
HEAD-QUARTERS

A DOOMED LANDMARK OF OLD NEW YORK.—[See Page 622.]

of the Erie Canal, the construction of lateral canals into productive portions of the State, and the building of three lines of railroad through the northern, middle, and southern districts. The statistics which Mr. **Ruggles** furnished were embodied in Governor **Seward**'s first message, and to his zeal may be truly attributed all the measures which have developed our internal sources and the means of transportation, without which such development was impossible. Visionary as the scheme was held when first propounded, experience has proved its practicability and necessity.

Simple in his life, genial, courteous, and affable, the venerable publicist will be missed by all who had the pleasure of his acquaintance, and his death breaks another link between the old generation and the present one which has entered into the fruit of their labors.

AN OLD NEW YORK LANDMARK.

No. 1! It is something to be a file-leader even of houses, and so Number One in that great street of New York city, Broadway, becomes a building of special significance. Did that particular member of the municipality who some time in 1776 gave this house its particular designation ever think that in numeral progression other houses would be built and built along that same street until Number 1810 should be reached? How long we may look at this particular structure as a thing of bricks and mortar no one can say, but it is highly probable that before long it will be torn down to give way to a new building, and so one of the old landmarks of the city will be among the remembrances of the past. Still, though the metamorphosis be complete and Faust-like, what was old will become new, that ancient designation as Number One will have to be retained.

This house, known for the last fifty years as the Washington Hotel, stands at the corner of Broadway and Battery Place, with the Bowling Green in front of it, Castle Garden on the other side of the street, and was once one of the grandest of the private residences in old New York. If New York history is to be believed, one **Pieter Kocks**, of the Dutch service, who had been a valiant fighter of Indians as far back as the year 1700, built a hostelry there, which place of public resort, when **Kocks** died, was kept by his wife. The position of such a house must have been admirable for business, for the grounds extended down to the waters of the North River, and so many Dutch soldiers from the fort or hardy seamen must have put up there, and innumerable must have been the drams of schnapps and jorums of punch absorbed in the locality. But such a choice piece of ground, with its surroundings, must have been tempting to those aristocrats who were looking toward settling permanently in the city of New York. What mutations of fortune befell Mrs. **Kocks**, or how she lost her tavern and grounds, is not known. There has been some discussion as to the first owner and builder of the house itself, that is, when it assumed its present proportions. One authority tells us that Sir **Peter Warren**, from whom Warren Street was named, built it, and that it was planned after a British ambassador's residence in Portugal; but there is nothing which tends to authorize this story. The opinion held by the leading exponent of historical matters in New York, **John Austin Stevens**, Esq., is that the house in question was constructed by **Archibald Kennedy**, afterward Earl of Cassilis, and that it was built not many years before the Declaration of Independence. That it was not a very old house in Revolutionary times seems quite certain when the correspondence of the time is examined.

There is a letter written by a stanch republican lady to her friend in England, under date of April 12, 1776, in which this house is mentioned. That the writer was a true blue is evident from this fact, that just at the close of the epistle, woman-like, there comes a sharp expression of feeling: "I think you want common-sense in England very much or you would have found out some means of making peace with us before we had gone to so vast an expence (*sic*) and put you to a much greater." Now as to the house, which had apparently been used as quarters for the American soldiers immediately before the occupation of the city by the British, this lady writes: "Oh, the houses in New York, if you could see but the insides of them! Occupied by the dirtiest people on the continent (for the empty houses are almost all taken up by soldiers). **Kennedy**'s new house, **Mallet**'s, and the one next to it had 600 men in it. If the owners ever get possession again, I am sure they must be years in cleaning them, unless they get new floors and new plaster the walls." Now tradition is good enough in its way when nothing better can be had, but the written words of the period are the only positive data that historians ought to use. This letter, then, proves two and even three things: that No. 1 Broadway was comparatively a new house then, possibly built not more than five or eight years before, which would bring its date of erection to 1768 or 1771, and that, known as **Kennedy**'s house, it was built by **Kennedy**, but what is more important (alas for tradition!) is that General **Washington** never did occupy it. But if the Father of his Country did not thus honor No. 1 Broadway, another very great man, dear to us all, old fighting **Israel Putnam**, did. It is not likely that the commander-in-chief of the American forces would be lodged in a building which the soldiers had rendered so untidy. Then, again, history tells us exactly where the commander of the American forces did live. There is interest enough, however, centred around this old house, for it was the head-quarters of the English during the Revolution. After the purchase by **Nathaniel Prime** at the beginning of this century, it passed through some two more hands. It was made into a hotel some fifty years ago, and has had, so far, four landlords.

Returning to the old history of the house, it is on record that not more than twenty years ago there was an old lady living in New York who remembered a grand ball which was given in her younger days at the **Kennedy** house, on which occasion the **Watts** house, which was next door, had a communicating door, and the festivities took place in both mansions. The owner of the **Kennedy** house had married a Miss **Watts**. This same old lady had pleasant memories of the pleasance grounds which stretched down to the water's brink, when Greenwich Street had no existence, and how she fished from the **Kennedy** garden in the North River. An examination of the house, made a day or so ago, disclosed many things which were originally part and parcel of it. Here were elaborate flutings over the doors, and prim oak-leaf carvings around fire-places. The doors, of some dark wood (you could see the grand old stuff under the coats of recent paint), were three inches thick. The delicate mahogany rail which leads up to the first landing is certainly of the period, but Italian mantel-pieces of the time of the Empire have been put in later. The walls of the house are made of very small bricks, said, according to tradition, to have been imported, but such stories, except for very old houses in New York, are hardly worthy of credit.

Amid the noise and bustle of a great city, with street cars jingling by, while throngs of emigrants pass it from Castle Garden, stands this relic of old New York. It has been a landmark for a century and more, and just as it is, it recalls all the stories of the past. Leaving aside that natural sentimentality which the sight of such a house awakens, it looks as if there would be an awakening in this quarter of New York. Possibly, in some few years to come, the whole characteristics of this portion of old New York will be changed, and from being of secondary importance, it will arise as a new business centre, devoted to the shipping interests of the city, for just around No. 1 Broadway is centred the transatlantic steam-ship business of the American continent.

WRECK OF THE "SANDUSKY."

The ship *Sandusky*, of New Orleans, left Pensacola, August 12, for Liverpool. All went well until the 24th, at which time she was in latitude 33° 5′ and longitude 76° 15′, when it commenced blowing strong from the northeast. The wind continued the next day, and increased to a heavy gale. The vessel was hove to under main lower topsail and foretopmast stay-sail. She commenced leaking badly on the 26th, and the wind increased to a hurricane. The leak was gaining so fast that both pumps could not keep the vessel free. By 6 P.M. there was ten feet of water in the hold. The pumps were constantly going, but to no purpose.

At 8 P.M. a squall of great violence threw the ship on her beam ends, when the masts were instantly cut away, and at the same time everything was swept from the decks, including both houses, with all the stores and fresh-water. All the officers and crew reached the weather mizzen-rigging except two seamen and the cook, who were never seen again, and they must have been swept away when the deck load went.

After the loss of her top-hamper the ship slowly righted, but she was a completely waterlogged wreck. The crew hung on to the mizzen-rigging until daybreak, the sea breaking over them, and threatening every moment to sweep them off. At daylight the men were able to better their position somewhat; but as the ship was constantly breaking up, it was a day of terror for them. About 4 P.M. they saw a brig steering nearly for them, but she passed by without noticing the wreck, though her people were plainly visible to the men on the latter. The wind was still blowing a heavy gale, and a tremendous sea was breaching over the ship. When it was nearly dark the whole stern frame broke, and was swept away with the after-part of the main-deck, and the timber commenced coming out from 'tween-decks. The crew were then obliged to abandon their position aft, and after great risk got forward and into the foretop, where the night of the 27th was passed.

The next day was fine, but the heavy seas completely deluged the ship. At 5.30 P.M. on Sunday a vessel, which soon proved to be the steam-ship *Hudson*, Captain **Freeman**, was seen from the wreck. She was able to get near, and the crew and officers were taken off, after having been seventy-eight hours on the wreck without food or water. Every kindness was shown the crew by Captain **Freeman**, his officers, and the passengers, the latter making up a purse which greatly gladdened the hearts of the destitute mariners.

The gale, which lasted four days, was one of the most severe, so the captain reports, that he ever experienced. The wind reached the velocity of the hurricane on the evening of the 26th. As the ship was fast breaking up, she has probably ceased to be a danger to navigation, though she was abandoned in the track of northern-bound vessels, latitude 33° 25′ north, longitude 76° 25′ west.

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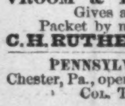

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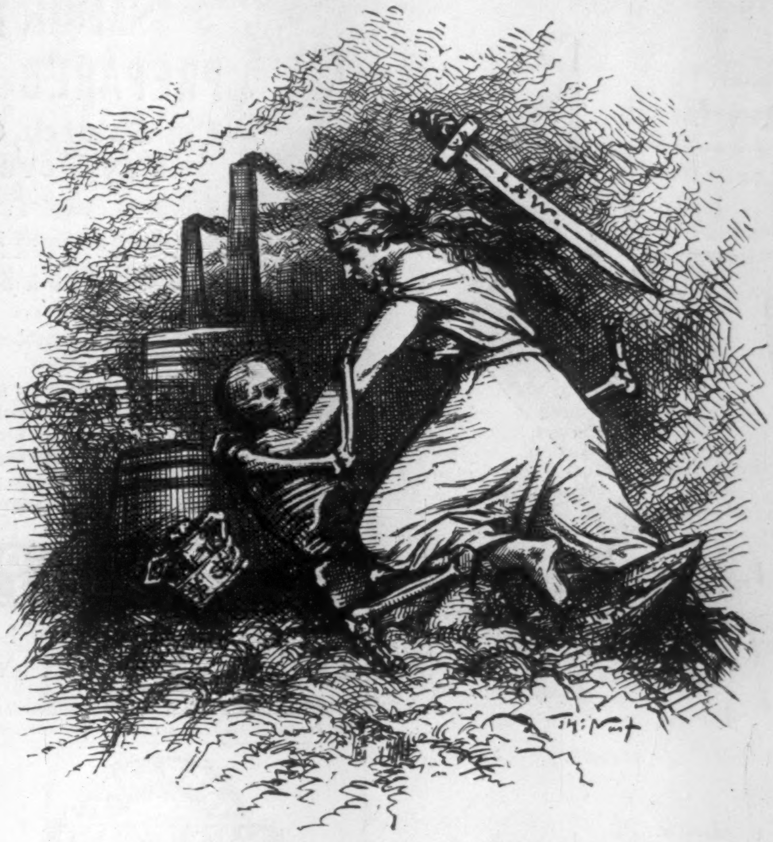

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